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Pro-Slavery.

DECLARATION OF SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE.

THE UNITED SOUTHERNERS' PLATFORM.

The League of the United Southerners of the City and County of Montgomery, Ala., have published the following manifesto in the Montgomery *Advertiser*, the organ of the disunionists:

"The relations between the Northern and Southern States of this Union assuming, so far as the latter are concerned, an aspect which must excite the deep solicitude of every patriot. Independent confederated sovereignties under a common government of their own creation, they have the highest motives for peace, friendship and the interchange of kind offices; but, unfortunately, the States of the Northern section have conceived and do manifest a hostility toward those of the South as deadly and implacable as it is unnatural and causeless. Beset as you are by a foe so vastly superior in numbers, animated by a lust for plunder and aggrandizement, together with a fanaticism as heartless and criminal as ever stained the pages of history, and employing every means short of fire and sword to compass your destruction, it behooves you, if you would preserve your rights and liberties, to prepare to meet an issue which cannot be postponed nor evaded.

The League of United Southerners submit to you the following declaration of their motives, aims, principles, and invite your attentive consideration of a policy upon the adoption of which, as we earnestly believe, hang the interests and destiny of the Southern States.

In the Federal Convention which framed the Constitution, the question of slavery came up for adjustment. Our fathers made it a question of union or disunion. Then was effected the first great compromise, and which, in good faith and justice, ought to have been a final one. Had it been adhered to in letter and spirit we would have been to-day the happiest and most prosperous people that ever the sun shone on. But immediately on the adoption of the Constitution the restless genius of fanaticism began its work. Congress was assailed by sundry memorials and petitions on the subject of slavery, and from that day to this the North has waged a systematic and a relentless war upon our most cherished institutions.

* * * * * * * *

[Here follows a historical sketch of the various slavery agitations and compromises down to the present day, not particularly necessary for the information of our readers.]

Such has been the compromise policy. Behold its fruits! The checks and balances of the Constitution neutralized or destroyed—the South excluded from the Territories—California and Kansas wrested from her—the slave trade abolished in the District of Columbia—the Fugitive Slave law a nullity—the Supreme Court assailed—the Churches disbanded—national parties dissolved—a craven spirit of submission, and a baser spirit of party servility crushing the energies of our distracted section—the North pervaded by a hostile agitation, which, for violence and malignity, is unparalleled between friendly States—an open and powerful crusade on foot to deprive us of our property and to elevate the negro to an equality with the white man—and the South in a hopeless minority in every department of the government depending on numbers—in the Electoral College, in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. The glittering fruits promised us by the so called conservative statesmanship of the past, like the fruits on the shore of the Dead Sea, turn to ashes on the lips.

The great and leading object of the League of United Southerners is to induce the South to reverse this policy—to induce her, if possible, to make a stand, and under no circumstances to yield another hair breadth of her just constitutional rights. For near three score years and ten have we argued, expostulated, implored, compromised. Generations have heard our cause and passed away, and are monumental witnesses at the bar of posterity of our fidelity, our fraternity, and our sacrifices. The accumulated wrongs of the past, and the perilous exigencies of the present, in the opinion of this League, demand that there shall be no more compromises. A stern and manly defence would give us strength and self-reliance, and inspire the respect of our enemies. Concession brings naught but disaster, and uniformly invites new and more arrogant demands. Already does the great triumphant Black Republican party at the North, which, like Aaron's rod, has well nigh swallowed all others, marshal its hosts under a darker banner, and proclaim more direct schemes for Southern spoliation. Having virtually excluded us from the common territory, their wily and unscrupulous leaders, with Seward at their head, declare a war of extermination—a war to the knife—upon slavery in the States; and their policy has been accepted by the North. What more, we ask, has the South to yield, unless she is prepared to be provincialized, subjugated and destroyed? Will power pause in its career of plunder and persecution? Will infuriated fanaticism stop in pursuit of its ends to reason and weigh nice questions of moral and constitutional obligation?

The demands of Northern fanaticism have ever been aggressive.

In the first place it asked the abolition of the foreign slave trade.

We yielded it.

2. It demanded the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

We yielded that.

3. It then demanded the abolition of the inter-State slave trade. That is yet an open question.

4. It does not scruple to demand the abolition of slavery itself in the arsenals, the dockyards and in the District of Columbia.

5. It demands our exclusion from newly acquired territory.

6. It demands our exclusion from all territory.

7. It demands that we shall not reclaim our fugitive slaves.

8. It demands that no more slave States shall be admitted into the Union.

9. It demands that we shall bear a disproportion of the burthens of taxation.

10. It demands extravagant governmental expenditures to increase our burthens.

11. And, finally, it demands the utter and total overthrow of slavery in the United States.

No prophet's ken is needed to foresee the terrible events of the future which will follow, as certain as the night follows the day, unless this fatal compromise policy is abandoned henceforth and forever. First, the Supreme Court will be "reorganized" so as to present no check to the unconstitutional action of a numerical majority—then slavery will be abolished in the arsenals, the dockyards and the District of Columbia—to be succeeded by a prohibition of the inter-State slave trade. As we near the vortex of ruin, events will hasten. The insatiate cupidity of the North will brook no restraint, and we shall become the victims of a grinding taxation; or, perchance, an edict of emancipation will thunder from the central government, should fanaticism get the better of avarice and the lust of dominion.

Let us resolve, then, to fling all suggestions of submission and compromise to the winds, and meet the issue as becomes intelligent freemen. The League proposes a new policy to the South—new in point of action, though often recommended, in effect, by her wisest sons—the policy of firm, united, organized defence; a policy which should never be sacrificed to the base behests of party expediency or the delusive promise of temporary advantage. Organization is indispensable. Men, separate and single-handed, can achieve but little; it is only by associated and well-directed effort that great objects are accomplished. And we solemnly believe that it is only by a union of the true men of the South, in one shape or another, that we can avert a fate the most ignominious that ever befell a people.

As subsidiary to our main object, and as essential at all times and under all circumstances to the preservation of our institutions, we propose, by discussion, by the diffusion of information in regard to our condition, and by all other legitimate means, to elevate Southern sentiment upon the subject of slavery to a still higher standard. We know that the people of the South, as a body, are sound upon this question; yet we need a sentiment that will regard the invasion of our constitutional rights as the invasion of our household—and will recognize the necessity of sustaining slavery not only where its existence is put directly in issue, but where it is remotely concerned. We need a sentiment that, scorning all compromises, will not tolerate a resort to legerdemain or subterfuge to save an administration or a political party—and, above all, we need a sentiment that will cheer and sustain our statesmen when they strike boldly for our rights. Had public opinion in the South been thus elevated and enlightened, the policy of the League would long since have been her policy—all her rights would have been secured, and all organization in their defence idle and superfluous.

In furtherance of these objects, we have pledged ourselves to make the maintenance of the rights of the South paramount to all party obligations. To confine those rights to the exclusive keeping of any national party is, in our judgment, to betray a confidence bordering on folly. The South must rely on herself; she cannot safely build her castles on the shifting sands of party. Admit that a party may advocate principles which, if carried out in good faith, would insure equal and exact justice to all the States—yet that party may be defeated, or, if triumphant in the elections, it may experience defections fatal to the successful carrying out of its principles. What then? Are we of the South, in view of the mighty dangers by which we are begirt, to stand with folded arms unprepared for such emergencies? Such is not the part of wisdom. The League, planting itself upon the Constitution, and demanding the equality of the South, interferes with no party which concedes and upholds that equality. It is only when a party ignores or fails in this that we are in antagonism with it, and in that event we hold it to be the bounden duty of every Southern man to trample all party obligations in the dust when they are sought to be weighed in the balance with the rights and interests and honor of these Southern States. * * * * *

You are still advised to wait. Infatuated partisan leaders, whose narrow aspirations know no higher object than party success—no nobler reward than official spoils—would lull the sense of your wrongs, and repress all efforts for resistance, lest they may be foiled in their petty schemes for personal and party aggrandizement. Shall we give ear to their selfish counsel? Shall we longer delay preparation? Shall we wait till a Black Republican administration is installed at the Federal capital, till the army, the navy, the treasury and the immense patronage of the government are in the hands of our enemies! It may then be too late. The very revenue paid by us into the Federal treasury will be used to purchase mercenaries to train the arms of the Union to awe us into submission.

The South, if true to herself, is amply able to maintain her rights. If driven to the necessity, she has the physical resources, the courage and the statesmanship to take her stand among the nations of the earth. And while the League of United Southerners seeks to preserve the rights of the South in the Union, and seriously deprecates the causes which are tending to its dissolution, yet we believe and are free to declare that the election of a man to the Presidency of these United States because of his hostility to us and our institutions would evince such a state of opinion and feeling on the part of the Northern States, and would place us in such a condition in this government, as would render any further alliance with them ruinous and dishonorable. In that event, in view of the wrongs, insults and outrages of the past, we, at least, are willing to embark our fortunes on the open sea of disunion, and, trusting to the justness of our cause, leave the issue to Heaven.

THOMAS WILLIAMS,
T. M. ARRINGTON,
JAMES T. HOLTZCLAW,
J. C. B. MITCHELL,
M. L. WOODS,
} Committee.

December 10, 1858.

UNFRIENDLY LEGISLATION.

From The New Orleans Picayune.

The Legislature of Vermont is engaged in showing what may be done by unfriendly legislation to make void in that State constitutional rights of citizens of other States. There is a clause in the Constitution of the United States which directs the surrender of fugitive slaves, and there is a law upon the statute book which prescribes the manner in which such surrender shall be effected. But in Vermont they do not want slavery themselves, and they have no respect for the rights of those who have it elsewhere. They have persuaded themselves that slaveholding is a sin, and that the Constitution and the law, in directing the surrender of slaves, command them to do what is immoral. They have the further higher law notion, that they have a right to legislate, or refrain to legislate, within their own territory, for the enforcing of the claims of citizens of other States, according to their own view of the morality of the obligation which the law creates. Hence they think it right to employ the whole legislative power of the State to defeat the operation of the Fugitive Slave law, and to put every obstacle in the way of the slave-owner reclaiming his property, to expose him to danger and loss for making the attempt, and to ignominious punishment if, by their own hostile contrivances, they shall succeed in baffling his efforts to establish his right.

Two bills are now before the Legislature of that State, providing a code by which this hostility to Southern property and Southern persons may be effectually carried out.

The first consists of two sections, but they contain the concentrated essence of unfriendly legislation.

By one section it is made a felony, punishable with fine and imprisonment in the State prison, to take slaves into Vermont, or set up within that State a right to assert a claim of property in such persons, or to restrain their liberty.

A Southern family cannot therefore enter into Vermont, or cross the State, with a confidential servant, without being subject to be sent to the State prison. It does not make the consent or application of the slave a part of the question. The fact of being with the master is the master's crime, unless he volunteers to divest himself of ownership and discharges his slave to the hospitable care of the Vermonters and the comforts of a Green Mountain winter.

The next section makes it, in more general terms, a felony, punishable with fine and imprisonment in the State prison, for any person to restrain, or attempt to restrain, the liberty of any other person, under pretence that the latter is a slave. This is designed to deter slaveholders from the attempt to claim a runaway; and if it does not succeed, there is another even more practical in its effect, which is also before the Legislature, and has already passed one house, for defeating the Fugitive Slave law of the United State. If the first should happen not to pass, the second is, in all conscience, sufficient to demonstrate the devotion of Vermont to the "higher law" theories and political programme of Senator Seward.

By that, a State mode is provided for the delivery of runaways, so contrived that it is a nullity, for that purpose, and only a bill of pains and penalties against the Southern claimant.

No runaway can be even stopped or arrested, until the claimant has filed an affidavit, setting forth his case, and given security to the amount of $2,000, for all expenses, costs and damages. If arrested, notwithstanding this notice and opportunity to escape, the slave case is to be tried before a county court, by jury trial, and the verdict, if for the slave, is final; if against him, he may appeal; and finally, any person who attempts to recover a slave in any other way than is directed in the act is liable to fine and imprisonment in the State prison.

It is not for us to judge how far these two laws are consistent with each other, or whether it is designed that both shall go into effect as parts of one plan. The second seems to be most favored, inasmuch as it has already passed one House, and is said to be sure of passing the other. It is enough, of itself, to stamp the character of the Legislature which passes, and the fanaticism which proposes it, and we describe it here as an example of the sort of "higher law" morality which sets itself up in a conflict of legislation with the constitutional laws of the United States. It is a notable example of what may be done in the way of "unfriendly legislation" to defeat laws and constitutions.

The American Tract Society.—Its Trials and Encouragements.—The Christian public are aware that the present year has been one of unusual trial to this noble Society. Early in the season the most earnest efforts were made to supersede, or at least to censure, the Executive Committee on account of their steadfast refusal to publish Books and Tracts on the exciting subject of slavery. Signally defeated in this at the last annual meeting, the opposers have since been as earnestly endeavoring to prevent contributions to the treasury. It is gratifying to know that this hostility, united with an extraordinary failure of crops in many sections of the country, had, up to the first of December, effected only a diminution of receipts to the amount of $16,000, as compared with the same period of the preceding year!

Some forty congregational associations of the North and West have passed resolutions against the Society. On the other hand, in other directions, a most encouraging liberality has been manifested. A Colporteur Convention has just been closed at Nashville, Tennessee. A day or two spent by one of the Agents in soliciting contributions from the friends of the cause in that place resulted, among others, in two donations of $150, each from one person. Mr. Jonathan Cross, the efficient Superintendent of Colportage, resident in this city, we are informed, has just returned from an excursion of two weeks in Virginia, where, in connection with the Rev. Seth Bliss, late of Boston, presentations of the cause resulted in contributions of some $1,800, over $1,500 of which was from Richmond alone.

It is most earnestly to be hoped that the liberality of the South, with the conservation of the North and West which is rallying to the support of the Committee, will be so abundant that before the year closes the operations will equal those of any preceding year.

The friends of benevolence in this city and State, who have for many years past evinced extraordinary interest in this cause, will surely not fail to make generous responses to its calls at such a time as this.—*True Union.*

Selections.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE SALE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

From The National Era.

Negotiations for the sale of the Republican party were set on foot, if we mistake not, during the last session of Congress. The rebellion of Douglas against the Administration, the stand taken by Crittenden and Bell against its Lecompton policy, and the temporary combination of the Republicans with the few followers of those leaders in support of the Montgomery amendment, awakened the hopes of certain political schemers that the Republican party might be supplanted by a general union of the opponents of Mr. Buchanan, with a view to the Presidential election of 1860. As condition precedent to this, it was necessary that the Republicans should drop their name, cease to urge their peculiar ideas, and either "fuse," or coöperate with Douglas Democrats, National Whigs and Crittenden Americans, on general issues, not embracing any of the doctrines of the Philadelphia platform. That platform was to be ignored. Douglas was to be supported in Illinois. Americanism, National Whiggery and Republicanism were to be harmonized in New York; Crittenden and other gentlemen of like views were to be made prominent; in a word, events were to be carefully shaped to the gathering together of a nondescript head-over-heels Opposition in 1860, made up of the most discordant elements, without principle, without policy, united by the single purpose to obtain the control of the General Government. What was to be done then did not appear in the programme. Whether Republicanism, or Douglasism, or Crittendenism, or National Whigism was to bear rule was to be left to chance or to the skill of demagogues.

That certain Republicans, so-called, were concerned in this plot, appears from the declaration of the editor of the Louisville *Journal*, who announced that they had been written to, and were not unfavorable to such a combination. The Philadelphia meeting last June that attempted to inaugurate the People's party was doubtless a part of the scheme. The active efforts of Mr. Greeley, in concert with certain managers of the Know-Nothing party in New York, in favor of a plan of coalition, which, had it been successful, would have superseded the Republican party in that State by a mongrel, unprincipled Opposition, were in accordance with the same scheme, if not an essential part of it.

We have seen how signally the plot failed, both in Illinois and New York—and what an abortion the People's party has turned out. The victories won over the Administration during the last season have been won chiefly by the Republican party, which has quite unequivocally announced its purpose not to be sold out or to be made a subject of barter by artful politicians.

Notwithstanding all this, a few of its newspapers seem disposed to magnify their wisdom against the clear decision of the great mass of the party. The Louisville *Journal*, representing a party which has no national existence—which controls but a single State, and that in the South; which has not ten exponents of its ideas in the Congress of the United States; which voted for Millard Fillmore in 1856, and thus secured the election of James Buchanan; which is pledged to acquiescence in all the usurpations of slavery; which, after the election of 1856, would never again have been heard of had the Republican party been sagacious enough in every case to ignore it, and carry its appeals directly to the people—this *Journal*, representing such a party, not only a Know-Nothing, but a Do-Nothing concern, coolly invites the Republicans, controlling as they now do, and have done since 1856, nearly every free State in the Union, to abjure their name, to abjure their principles, to abjure their distinguished statesmen, to disband their organization, and go South for a Presidential candidate—Mr. Crittenden, for example! If they will do this, hurrah for 1860! the grand Opposition will sweep everything before it! The *Journal* is capital at a joke, and this looks like a very broad one; but a few Republican papers seem to think the invitation is made in good faith, and have solemnly taken it into consideration. The New York *Tribune*, for example, which has lately assumed a kind of ownership of the Republican party, announcing from time to time what it will and what it will not do, what it shall and what it shall not do, demurs to the proposition of the *Journal*, but offers a counter one, as follows:

> "Let us state, on our part, what we think the Republicans would generally be willing to concede for the sake of harmonizing and securing the triumph to the Opposition.
>
> "We propose that the Republicans, as the larger section of the Opposition, be permitted to name one of their number for President, to be sustained by the entire Opposition, while the American and National Whigs propose the Vice-President. The ticket thus formed shall be supported by the entire Opposition, each party and each State making its own platform, and none being committed to any but its own doctrines or propositions, and the united Opposition to be designated 'Republican,' 'American,' 'Union,' 'People's party,' or whatever else its voters in any locality may choose.
>
> "We suggest this first, because it is the basis on which the late beneficent triumph in Pennsylvania was achieved. The Opposition was heartily combined on a negative platform and a union ticket, headed by John M. Read, who was notoriously a Republican pure and simple, and a very earnest one. The tariff question was a powerful element in the canvass; but nobody pretended that Mr. Read was personally a better Protectionist than his opponent, Judge Porter. In the North and West, the Opposition tickets were generally designated Republican; in the South and East, they were known as 'People's'; but the name was of no consequence. Suffice it that the State was carried throughout, by majorities ranging from twenty to forty thousand. The next Presidential election may be carried as sweepingly and in the same manner. Why not?
>
> "But suppose this fair and conciliatory proposition prove unacceptable, we suggest another, which would be heartily acceptable to us, and which, if satisfactory to the other wing of the Opposition, we would heartily urge upon the acceptance of the Republican party—namely:
>
> "Let the other wing of the Opposition name the President, conceding the Vice President to the Republicans, with this single condition, agreed to on all hands and proclaimed to the public, that *the Administration thus formed shall do all in its power to confine slavery within the limits of the existing slave States.*"

We are sorry that *The Tribune* cannot be satisfied with the Republican party, as it is. It was not an accidental growth; not the offspring of a visionary schemer; not cut out according to the theorem of a self-complacent philosopher. Causes inherent in the fundamental relations and interests of the country called it into being; a large majority of the free States immediately planted themselves under its banners; and from that time its power has been growing, while the causes which evoked it are as operative as ever.

What is the matter with *The Tribune*? Does it entertain a constitutional abhorrence of a direct path? Does it suppose that men of solid principle and fixed purpose are to be carried away by every fancy that may play across the speculations of a restless editor? Are great movements to be borne onward, great successes to be won, by mere management? Has it lost faith in principle, respect for the people? Does it dream that the religious men, the consistent men, the men who have never learned to endorse with one hand what they repudiated with the other—to approve what they condemn, to build up what they believe wrong—can be made parties to the disorganization of the Republican party, and to a scheme which, if it could succeed, would extinguish the last vestige of efficient hostility to slavery, and install the old Whig spirit of compromise in the Federal Councils!

"Let us state, on our part," that we think the Republicans generally will not only not concede the propositions of *The Tribune*, but that they will not even consider them; and let us state further, that should *The Tribune*, by some extraordinary legerdemain, succeed in inducing a majority of them to try either of the courses indicated, they would be kicked out of every free State, and laughed to scorn in every slave State.

Try the first proposition. Who are to name the Republican choice for the Presidential candidate? The National Republican Committee? That is appointed to represent and promote the well-being of the Republican party, not to make Presidents, or to disband the party. A National Convention? *The Tribune* is against National Conventions for the nomination of Presidential candidates. Beside, who has authority to call a National Republican Convention to disorganize the Republican party, and trade off its members?

But, suppose all these *slight* preliminaries settled, and a Republican Presidential candidate designated, let him be as indefinite and as little obnoxious as may be, still he will be a "Black Republican."

Now will begin the labor of the National Whigs, the Americans, the Winthrops, the Hunts, the Fillmores, the Crittendens, the Marshalls. Banks or Fremont is a bitter pill, but suppose we sugar-coat the ticket with the name of Bell. Bell believes in slavery and Banks don't; Bell is an orthodox Southern slaveholder, Banks an orthodox Black Republican—so let that account be squared. Then, the party, or the Opposition in each State, is to pass its own resolves. In one place, agitation is deprecated, Black Republicanism denounced, the Dred Scott extra-judicial opinions reaffirmed, the right to hold slaves in the Territories under the Federal Constitution maintained; in another, slavery is pronounced an evil, agitation a good, slavery propagandism a curse, the Dred Scott dicta false and disgraceful, the Constitution the bulwark of freedom in the Territories!

A wonderful party! Could there be a single doubt of its success? Would it not sweep away the Administration as with the besom of destruction?

If anything could exceed it, it would be a party constructed on the second proposition of our inventive cotemporary—a party of extremely difficult partnrition, we should say. Let Fillmore, Winthrop, Crittenden, Prentice and Nathan Sargent name the President, and the Republicans the Vice-President, and then let the high contracting parties agree on all hands and proclaim to the public that the Administration thus formed shall do all in its power to confine slavery within the limits of the existing States! Who can doubt that National Whigs and Southern Americans would cordially agree to such a condition, and, having pledged themselves to it, wheel the slave States into line on the principle of opposition to the extension of slavery!

It is needless to shed more ink upon such propositions. Had it not been for the serious tone of *The Tribune's* editorial, and its reference to the plan pursued in Pennsylvania, as worthy of being adopted in a National canvass, and its efforts for fusion in New York, we might have supposed it in jest in laying down plans of compromise so palpably impossible and absurd as to demonstrate that compromise is out of the question.

At all events, it is known that the Republican party set its face as flint against all attempts to tamper with its principles, or seduce it into a corrupt coalition. The Slave Democracy will hold a National Convention in 1860, at Charleston, and the mass of that party will be united in support of one electoral ticket. The Convention will reaffirm, as usual, the Baltimore resolutions, then the Cincinnati platform, adding the construction growing out of the Dred Scott opinion. It will abate nothing, recant nothing, take no step backwards. Without this pertinacious adherence to its doctrines, this *stability*, *always* a source of strength, and commanding respect, even in a bad cause, it would ere this have suffered more vital losses. Let the Republican party, with better principles, emulate its constancy and boldness. Cromwell, who was as wise in counsel as he was daring in action, speaking in Parliament, in 1656, of the then existing war with Spain, remarked: "If we engage in a business, *a recoiling man may haply recover of his enemy, but the wisdom of a man surely will be in the keeping of his ground.*" Let Republicans lay that to heart. They are the only party in the field in opposition to the Slave Democracy.

The issues between the two organizations are as enduring as the conflict between Despotism and Democracy. They are plain, known and read of all men. When they engaged in this business, they took their ground on certain principles of justice and law: their main strength consists in inflexible adherence to these. Their "wisdom will be in the keeping of their ground," for to abandon it will be to lose their hold on the North, without securing one inch of foothold in the South. *If ever their principles are to spread throughout the South, it must be by the assertion of a power able to sustain and protect the men of the South who may acknowledge them.*

As the Slave Democracy will hold its National Convention, according to a usage well understood by the people everywhere; let the Republicans do the same. We cannot afford, in the thick of the fight, face to face with the foe, to turn aside and bewilder ourselves with *The Tribune's* plan for doing away with National Conventions, and getting up a national electoral ticket by State action. People will not understand it, and the only result will be to bewilder our friends with a question by no means practical, and to set them off disputing about untried projects for electing Presidents. LET THE REPUBLICANS MAKE UP THEIR MIND TO FIGHT THE BATTLE THROUGH, TO FIGHT IT OUT ON THE GROUND THEY HAVE TAKEN—ASSUME ALL THE RESPONSIBILITIES THAT BELONG TO THE ONLY PARTY ARRAYED AGAINST THE SLAVE DEMOCRACY—HOLD THEIR CONVENTION AT THE PROPER TIME, REAFFIRM THEIR PHILADELPHIA PLATFORM, WITH SUCH ADDITION (IF ANY) AS MAY BE CALLED FOR—NOMINATE A STRONG, CLEARLY REPRESENTATIVE TICKET—THEN, TRUST GOD AND THE PEOPLE FOR THE REST.

THE ECHO AND THE WANDERER.

From The Washington Union, Dec. 23.

It is highly probable that a cargo of slaves has been landed in one of the States of the Union. We are in possession of no specific information on the subject; there are, nevertheless, many reasons to believe that the question has assumed a practical shape, and perhaps it should be so treated by the public. In the case of the Echo, and the proceedings of the tribunals thereon, candor compels us to admit that our institutions have failed. The laws have not been executed as they ought to have been, and, as we believe, nine-tenths and more of the American people desire they should be.

We say, therefore, that our institutions, in the case referred to, have failed. They have failed to the extent of screening, instead of punishing, offenders. This is clearly a misfortune—a great, radical, fundamental misfortune. Every one at all conversant with the structure of our system knows that the punishment of crime is mainly intrusted to juries to be drawn from the people. If the community of the place refuse to enforce penal laws, we see no adequate remedy therefor, nor can we call it anything else than a failure of our institutions.

The evil, we repeat, is fundamental, because it is acknowledged to be without remedy, in this that it prevails in opposition to the majority of the American people. Assuming that the Wanderer, as reported, has landed a cargo of slaves in one of the ports of Georgia, and that the captives are being distributed and sold throughout that State, we have a right to infer that it is in accordance with public opinion. If the people of Georgia are opposed to the slave trade, and to the recognition of property, on such a tenure, we take it to be the clearest thing in the world that they will punish the offenders; and if their statutes are defective, enact others, by which all parties, acting with knowledge of the facts, shall be held to proper account. It is hardly fair to suppose that the laws of Georgia have been framed to meet the contingency to which we allude. The Federal tribunals have undoubted jurisdiction of the original offenders; but they stand a poor chance of honestly executing the laws in a community who not only wink at the crime committed, but voluntarily and knowingly aid the criminals in rendering their unlawful schemes profitable and safe.

We need not express the horror and disgust of an honest, law-abiding people at such scenes of recklessness, depravity and fanaticism. If the people of the State referred to have no respect for the judgment of their countrymen, they may well take upon themselves the responsibility of degrading our national character and our federal institutions. The difference between those who violate the law and those who refuse to execute it is wholly inappreciable. We rely quite as much upon public intelligence and virtue as upon the police and the courts. We have no standing army, and a very small executive force. Our whole political system is based as much upon the idea of good intentions on the part of the people themselves as upon good faith on the part of their agents. The latter, indeed, can never execute justice without the countenance and aid of the former. If the people of Georgia are determined to import slaves and make slaves, the Federal authorities will be confined, in their efforts to suppress the traffic, wholly to the high seas, where their jurisdiction is complete.

But, perhaps, granting that the Wanderer has landed slaves upon our coast, it is only one of those fitful gusts which so often overtake us, and which serve rather to purify than poison the atmosphere; another Burns riot and rescue—a partisan enterprise—an Exeter Hall demonstration. We trust it may thus turn out.

From the same, Dec. 23.

As a mere question of philanthropy to the negro, the persons who have recently brought a cargo of Africans from the coast of Guinea and landed them in Georgia may have done a beneficial work. But, aside from that isolated feature of the transaction, we cannot perceive a single circumstance to relieve the moral turpitude of the crime. The law of the country has been deliberately violated, and an act of piracy committed as sordid and as wanton as ever disgraced the times of the buccaneers. Why have gibbering negroes, little more elevated in intelligence than so many monkeys, been brought from their native and congenial wilds to be thrust upon our soil? Simply for *money value.* It is not pretended that any advantage can enure to this continent, its people or its institutions, except the mere pecuniary advantage that may result from a larger supply of labor. It cannot be denied that any but moral injury to society can come of these importations. The laws of the country have been broken, the public sentiment of the whole country offended, piracy committed, and guilt deliberately incurred, solely for sordid gain. For the benefit of the pocket the sanctity of the law has been invaded. Entrenched securely behind the law, the South has successfully defended her constitutional rights against the assaults of her enemies for a quarter of a century; but now some of her own people are willing to turn upon and batter down that hitherto sacred and impregnable rampart. Heretofore the pride of the South has been that her cause was the cause of the Constitution and the laws; but now some of her own people endeavor wantonly to abrogate and set aside those instruments. At least, among her own citizens, there is a division of counsels between the *utile* and the *honestum*; there are those willing to seek only what is expedient and profitable at the expense of what is lawful and what is honest. Has the South turned Jew? Is gain, is the almighty dollar, to be henceforth the god of the Cavalier?

From The Washington Star, Dec. 22.

We find that the Government officers in this city, under whose official cognizance the affair of the yacht Wanderer properly comes, are satisfied that though she brought no negroes herself from Africa, she made the voyage as a tender to a vessel, since scuttled and sunk, that did bring the cargo, numbering 380, recently landed on the coast of Georgia, and run up into the interior, and already scattered on different plantations in Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama, so as effectually to defy pursuit and reclamation, as that is defied by the current system of spiriting off fugitive slaves by and through the agency of the underground railroad organization throughout the North.

The Wanderer's part of the affair is understood from what has reached the Government officers here, was, on the voyage, to act as the slaver's tender and decoy—a decoy whenever it was necessary to spread sail and draw off from the ship conveying the forbidden cargo the attention of pursuing vessels, her appearance at a distance being just that of a slaver, while, on being overhauled, nothing whatever to identify her with the slave trade could be found upon her. On reaching the coast of Georgia, her mission is understood to have been that of landing the negroes from the other ship.

While we have no doubt whatever that such is the history of her connection with the slave trade, believing that the community—that of Southern Georgia—among whom her offence is cognizable to the law, entertain pretty much the same opinion of the law under which those concerned in her operations must be tried as New England generally entertains of the Fugitive Slave law, we are inclined to think that the effort to execute the anti-slave-trade law in her case will be as abortive as efforts to reclaim fugitive slaves, by operation of law, in New England are now notoriously. All this is eminently suggestive of "food for reflection."

THE CREW ON TRIAL.

From The Savannah Republican, Dec. 20.

The Government has instituted energetic measures for the vindication of the laws in this case. It has employed Judge Henry R. Jackson as associate counsel, who, with its very efficient District-Attorney, is now engaged in a vigorous prosecution of the investigation.

The judicial investigation of the case commenced on Saturday last, before Judge Charles J. Henry, United States Commissioner. The prisoners, Brown, Rajesta and Agnirvi, who were arrested some days ago, as part of the crew of the Wanderer, or such other vessel as may have brought over the slaves, were brought up for examination. Messrs. Ganahl, District-Attorney, and Henry R. Jackson, Esq., appeared for the prosecution, and Messrs. Lloyd & Owens for the defendants. But two witnesses were examined—Dr. Hazlehurst, of Brunswick, and Collector Mabry, of the port of Darien. Our reporter was present during the examination, but it has been deemed by others most prudent not to publish the testimony at present. We may briefly state that Dr. H. swore that he had been sent to make a professional visit to the negroes, while they were encamped on Jeckyl Island; that he saw them; that they appeared to be Africans of fresh importation, being wholly unable to speak or comprehend the English language.

After the testimony was received, the prisoners were remanded to jail to await a further examination. A large number of witnesses have been subpœnaed at various points along the coast and in the interior, and the proceedings are likely to occupy the Commissioner, from time to time, for several weeks to come.

It is now pretty generally believed that the Wanderer, which is a very small vessel, brought over no slaves, but was simply a consort or decoy on the passage, and was used for landing the cargo from the main ship, which remained out at sea, and was scuttled as soon as her freight was discharged. We feel quite confident in stating that the account in *The New York Herald* of the 16th, of the Wanderer's having brought over a select lot of eighty slaves, which sold readily on their arrival at $700 each, has no foundation in fact. The letter, in the same paper, from an American officer on board the United States ship Vincennes, now on the coast of Africa, stating that the Wanderer had gone up the Congo River in company with another vessel called the Helen, in October last, completely refutes the account given by the Wanderer's men of her late cruise.

TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED.

From The Tribune.

A born Yankee who gets his own living, and never in his life appropriated without consideration a dollar of another man's wages, is, of course, incapable of apprehending what it is to be "one of the Chivalry," and a member of a First Family. But we nevertheless take the liberty of believing that it must sometimes be the most unhappy of conditions. The number of realities in this life of which a sensitive man may have some legitimate apprehension is so great that he is in very pitiable circumstances who is compelled to be afraid of things which a plebeian northern boy, not out of his petticoats, would face, with a wooden sword, without wincing. Here comes to us, for instance, a Virginia Democratic newspaper, *The Blue Ridge Republican*, with its leading article headed "Firebrands Afloat," and it is evident that the whole county of Culpepper is in an alarming state of panic, seeing visions of outrage and arson, and dreaming dreams of throats cut from ear to ear. Perhaps it is our distance from the scene of distress, perhaps a want of proper sensitiveness and chivalric sentiment which naturally attends those who have not in their veins a single drop of that blood which has flowed through an unbroken line of Virginia cavaliers; but we cannot help suggesting the inquiry, whether a "fire-brand" that was "afloat" would not be likely to be what the negroes called "squenched," and whether the apprehension that the river would be set on fire by that means was not slightly premature. At any rate we confess, without the slightest blush of shame, that did we live in a community where floating fire-brands exposed us to such terrors, we should flee at once, like the wicked man, whom no one pursueth, to the nearest dépôt of the Underground Railroad, if no better refuge were offered us, and escape to a country where we could have the blessed privilege of becoming a "mud-sill" and enjoying an undisturbed belief that any combustible which is well overboard is past all mischief.

The particular fire-brand which has recently spread its gairish, and frightful, and portentous light through the Culpepper region of Virginia, came through the Post-Office, and, "the wrapping being paper, *accidentally* came open," which, considering the nature of the inclosure, was not strange. Such accidents, however, to Northern packages are not uncommon in Southern post-offices, and can only be looked upon as providential. The package in question was addressed to Maria G. Underwood, the wife of Mr. John G. Underwood, now of this city, but formerly of Virginia, though that, of course, could have had nothing to do with the "accident" which happened to it. But having happened, "several gentlemen"—of course, gentlemen, being Virginians; the trifling act of tampering with the mails being excusable under the circumstances, the package belonging only to a woman—"several gentlemen" gave it a careful examination. It was found to contain a few pamphlets, entitled "Views of American Slavery, Taken a Century Ago," and bearing the imprint of "The Association of Friends for the Diffusion of Religious and Useful Knowledge," of Philadelphia. The book, a copy of which happens to be before us, seems as harmless as the Declaration of Independence, *The Congressional Globe*, Blackstone's Commentaries, or the Discipline of the Methodist Church, works, we presume, not altogether unknown in Virginia, and all quoted from in this little pamphlet. It contains, moreover, the sentiments of Washington, of Jefferson, of Henry, of Randolph—gentlemen of the Virginia of History—and of a host of others of this and other countries, none of whom are now alive, and particularly Benezet's "Account of Africa," and Wesley's "Thoughts on Slavery." This alarmingly incendiary document some well-meaning Friend in Philadelphia had sent to Mrs. Underwood, as he might have sent her a reprint, were there one, of "Jefferson's Notes on Virginia," for her own edification; and the "gentlemen" who sat in alarmed and solemn conclave over it, like a pale and qualmish "Crowner's quest" over an unpleasant body, only permitted her to have it after imposing upon it a "very high charge," as she herself says in a calm and dignified letter to the *Republican*, explaining how the package came to be sent to her. The jury, however, reserved to themselves the right, and conferred upon the editor of the paper the duty, of acquainting their fellow-citizens of Culpepper County of the dangers which menaced them, though haply averted, it might be, by these high-minded men, before the fire of whose patriotism postal laws were as tow, when mail-bags smelt of fire-brands. And the editor of *The Blue Ridge Republican*, as a faithful conservator of the public morals and safety, has performed his task in a way that shows him a true son of the prolific Mother of Great Men. "Firebrands," he declares, "are not suitable *pabulum* for Southern youths," which, as an abstract proposition, is unquestionably true, though we had always supposed that live coals were the commonest diet of the sons of Virginia Families. Washington and Jefferson he evidently regards as well-meaning persons, who would have known more if they had lived longer, but who unfortunately died "before the institution was claimed and established, not only as legal, not only as a constitutional right, but as of divine authority." Mrs. Underwood's correspondent is told, for his comfort, that he is an "unballasted philanthropist"—the hardest name yet; and he and the other "evil-prompted zealots" of the "Association of Friends" are advised "to strip their three thousand black-coated hypocrites of the robes which they defile," and do something else, we are not quite clear what, with "those whited sepulchres of the breathing dead, the factory and the workshop," which "pour forth their periodical hecatombs of white-faced slaves"; all which, we trust, will be properly attended to by the Philadelphia Quakers. Especially let them lose no time with the "black-coated hypocrites," and the white-faced, breathing dead slaves poured out of whited sepulchres in periodical hecatombs.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: I see in *The Tribune* of this morning, in your account of a newspaper assault upon my wife, an error which ought to be corrected. My Virginia fellow-citizens have not certainly in this instance been guilty of a violation of the mails.

The package of books was sent by the Philadelphia Quaker, not by mail, but by express.

Don't be too severe upon Old Virginia—her modern politicians are a little impulsive, to be sure, and somewhat frightened at the opinions of Washington and Jefferson, and other Revolutionary Patriots of that State, on the subject of slavery; but you perceive they are now willing to discuss the subject even in their strongholds. The result of such discussion cannot be doubtful. Truth is as certain to be brought out by it as fire from the collision of the flint and the steel.

Yours truly, John C. Underwood.

New York, Dec. 23, 1858.

[On which we remark: That the editor of *The Blue Ridge Republican* said nothing of the pamphlets having come by express. He said "The package, as we learned, came open—the wrapping being paper—and the pamphlets were examined by several gentlemen—though we were not of the number—hence their character was discovered." The "several gentlemen," shall have the benefit of the correction—that it was not a public mail bag, but a private express-bag, which they violated—if that is any help to them.—Editor.]

THE FILIBUSTERS.

The rumors of further filibuster expeditions from our Southern ports to Nicaragua are daily becoming more numerous and significant; and, for our own part, we do not doubt that they are well founded. The love of adventure and enterprise, which is inherent in the American, finds, in such an undertaking as that of Walker, attractions of the most exciting character. According to the Walker programme, there are battles to be fought; gunpowder to be exploded; strategy to be employed; a great deal of blood to be shed; glory to be acquired; and every man who takes part in the hazard is to share in the spoils of the game. If the Southern idler or "loafer," who has no visible means of earning his bread at home, goes out to Nicaragua a filibuster, he is to come a hero. If he emigrates so miserably poor that he cannot afford to take with him a change of linen, he is to return a landholder, and an aristocratic member of the distinguished order of the Upper Ten. If he be not an Irishman, he will probably insist on being a Colonel, or at least a Major, the moment he sets foot upon Nicaraguan soil, as a preliminary to becoming a General before he leaves it. These are tempting prizes for the ambition of fools; and, as all the fools in the world are not dead yet, there are abundant candidates for Nicaraguan honors under the leader whose ambition, although it is ostensibly the establishment of his own name in a distinguished position in History, is probably nothing more in reality than the securing of a living—as any other *Chevalier d'Industrie* might endeavor to secure one—by the only present means at his command. Afraid to steal at home, he goes off to steal in Nicaragua. Ashamed to beg of his neighbours, or afraid that begging at home would produce nothing, he earns his bread by duping anybody who will be duped by him, and flourishes after the manner of his adventurous fraternity.

Meanwhile, the people naturally look to the Administration for more active measures than have yet been taken for the suppression of the illegal enterprises of Walker. It is essential that we should observe our relations with Nicaragua. It is desirable that the idle and ignorant among us should be protected from the schemes of a designing and selfish trickster; and, above all, that the rebuke of the government upon this description of dangerous vagrancy should be at once and effectually administered. It is idle to trust, for the enforcement of of our laws, to the efforts of a little revenue schooner, which finds itself aground precisely at the moment most advantageous to the filibusters, and most convenient to their friends and sympathizers. The execution of the laws becomes a mere farce when those whose duty it is to carry them into effect suffer themselves to be captured by the lawless persons whom they are sent to capture. It is not only quite possible, but comparatively easy for the President, if he be really sincere in his professions of opposition to the schemes of Walker, to insure the detention of any vessel attempting to leave a Southern port with bands of armed men intending a lawless purpose. It is maintained in high quarters that we are able at any moment to go to war with the most important powers of Europe; nay, single-handed to take two or three of them together at any time. If we can do this—if we can cope with the principal navies of the world—if we can, as many sincere men flatter themselves we can, meet armed squadrons wherever they may choose to appear, and annihilate them as fast as they do appear—we surely can furnish sufficient naval means to stop a little one-horse-power steamer in our own ports. There is no right of search involved in the matter. Walker's vessels carry our own flag, and are legally open to our inspection; and if we can match the strategy of an enemy, we certainly ought to be able to circumvent the tricks of a few of our own unquiet spirits, with whose every movement it is entirely in the power of the government to become intimately acquainted.

The President, however, manages this matter as he does all others, by adopting ineffective measures and then halting in their execution. The good gentleman is too busy healing the dissensions of Tammany Hall, and inventing schemes to repay the adulation of *The Herald*; he has no time to punish wilful contempt of our own laws, or to prevent the execution of piratical projects which may lead to misunderstandings with those Powers of Europe who, by their concerted action towards Nicaragua, are doing more towards the upholding of the Monroe doctrine, even in the light of Mr. Buchanan's interpretation, than the President himself seems willing to attempt.—*Times.*

RUIN OF WEST INDIES.

We recommend to those, both North and South, who continue to prate, partly through malice and partly through ignorance, about the ruin and desolation of the British sugar colonies as the result of negro emancipation, the following despatch from the British Colonial Minister to the Governor of Jamaica: "Jamaica is now the only important sugar-producing colony which exports a considerably smaller quantity of sugar than was exported in the times of slavery, while some such colonies since the passage of the Emancipation act have largely increased their product." Conspicuous among these last are Barbadoes in the West Indies, and Mauritius in the Indian Ocean. Barbadoes, relying solely on its own numerous native negroes, has not only carried the production of sugar and the value of estates to a point decidedly beyond what they ever reached in former times, but has supplied numerous emigrant laborers to Trinidad, British Guiana and St. Vincent, where labor is less abundant—a process still going on. Mauritius, by the help of immigration from India, the use of guano, and other improvements, stimulated by the free labor system, exports now four times as much sugar annually as she did in the palmiest days of slavery, while the growth of provisions and other products consumed on the island is also far greater than formerly.

To judge from the speech of the Governor of Jamaica, delivered the other day at the opening of the Legislature, Jamaica will also soon throw off the disagreeable distinction which she now enjoys. "A still progressive increase," says the Governor, "both in quantity of the staple exports, and in the amount of revenue derived from duties on articles of consumption, indicate a gradual improvement in the productive industry of the Colony, to which I should advert with more unmixed satisfaction were I not sensible that the failure of the usual fertilizing rains in some of the agricultural districts forbids the expectation that the growing crop in those localities will yield a commensurate return for the cost which their establishment and cultivation have involved."

It appears, indeed, from a statement in the Jamaica *Dispatch*, that the fall of rain in the interior of Trelawny parish has been only a third what it was last year, and much further below the average, this being the fourth year in succession during which the October rains have either been partial or very light in that parish. "We fear," adds *The Dispatch*, "that we are experiencing one of those septennial cycles of comparative drought which at times afflict the country." And yet, in spite of these years of drought, the exports of the island are increasing. The Governor admits that complaints still come from the old plantations of a deficiency of continuous labor, which, he says, he can readily believe, from "the admitted fact that the portion of the agricultural peasantry who, with their families, *industriously and systematically apply themselves to the independent production of sugar and other staples is day by day increasing*." Some of the old plantations, it would thus seem, are running behind-hand for want of labor, not because the negroes refuse to work and are relapsing into barbarism, but because, day by day, they are betaking themselves more and more to the independent production on their own purchased lands of sugar and other staples. Like us white Americans, the Jamaica negroes prefer to farm their own lands—a large number of the most intelligent and industrious having acquired lands by purchase—to working out for wages, the payment of which is not always so prompt or certain as might be wished. During the low prices of sugar these negro landholders preferred to raise provisions, as sugar would not pay. Now that the price has risen, they are turning their attention more and more to the cane.

In another part of his speech, the Governor—though on all disputed points he leans strongly to the planter's side, being by himself largely interested in West Indian estates—speaks of those negro land-holders as largely on the increase, and as constituting "a class of society which may best be described as corresponding to the ancient yeomanry of England"—a class which has mostly died out in England, but of which the representative and off-shoot is to be found in our American self-working farmers. The Governor thinks that this class may be advantageously intrusted in their own immediate circles with the apprehension of offenders and the maintenance of the public peace by means of the authority which the office of constable confers. He believes they would be proud of the distinction, and he gladly, as he says, states his own conviction that their general conduct as citizens and members of the community amply entitles them to such a mark of the confidence of the government.

A new system for the maintenance of roads, which have hitherto been almost as bad in Jamaica as in some of our Southern States, is just on the point of being put in operation; and the Governor speaks with much satisfaction of the readiness and cheerfulness with which the special tax for this purpose has been paid. The roads in each county are to be under the superintendence of a separate salaried civil engineer. The Governor proposes, among other matters, a census of the population, there having been but one census taken—that of 1844. He also recommends a colonial grant of money toward the maintenance of a more regular and frequent intercourse with the United States. He states the number of children receiving education in public schools (exclusive of those in private seminaries) at twenty-two thousand. These schools are under the direction of the various bodies of the island, and are mainly supported by tuition fees and the liberality of individuals. The colony, however, contributes from the public funds a sum of about $40,000 annually. This number of pupils and provision for education—the pupils being the children of the emancipated slave population—will compare very favorably with the provision made in several of our Southern States for the education of the white population.—*Tribune.*

PLAYING ON THE BONES.

Playing on the bones is ordinarily deemed an accomplishment, a delicate piece of lyrical virtuosism of old Virginian origin—unless a passage in Shakspeare would indicate that it was known in the Elizabethan age: "Let us have the tongs and the bones," says the bard in The Midsummer-Night's Dream. But, whether the wonderful digital dexterity of more recent times was exhibited on the osseous instrument in the Shakspearean era or not, does not lessen the intense glory of the modern music. Success, however, produces imitation; and one mode of playing on the bones having begotten such glory for the Venerable Dominion, another was instituted by John A. Washington, Esq. This gentleman has been playing silver tunes on the bones of his ancestor, George Washington. He has offered the estate for sale, the bones of the hero included, of course, we suppose, though some people would say not of course; and on that theme the bones of the Pater Patriæ have been made to echo music, oratorical, dramatic, saltatory and symphonic. They have been struck together to our ears in the eloquence which is graded down to the level of Mason and Dixon's line—below the water-mark of man's inherent dignity and liberty. They have been rapped in unison with Comedy and Farce, Tragedy and Burlesque; with songs of soul-sinking love, where *cuore* rhymes to *amore*, or rampant ecstasy, where it jingles with *furore*; with *tours de force*—phenomenon Arthur Napoléons and flights on the grand piano; with M. Musard in every variety of snapping, bounding or limpid strains; with a twenty-five-cent Concert, where walking and talking are allowed as accompaniment to the orchestras. All these performances on the bones of the mighty dead have been virtually instituted by Mr. Washington when he offered to sell Mount Vernon for $200,000, or whatever the sum is. Nay more, it is recommended that every lady of the myriad boquets of loveliness in this city should change the affluent elegance of her first of January receptions into another performance of this kind; that she should put up a box in her drawing-room, where every gentleman may (must) put in a contribution; and the gentlemen who pay 250 visits of course would get off cheap at $250 each for their respective day's visiting.

This lugubrious Mount Vernon bone-playing now resounds through the land. It is a question whether 25,000,000 people, colored persons included, can raise $200,000 for the purchase. Calculate the sum per head, with the servile population left out, and raise it, and let the newspapers be relieved of the dolorous spiritual rapping. Raise it for patriotic, poetic, pious and political reasons. Save the memory of The Great from such cent-per-cent profanations.

Save it for another reason. The living Washington, it seems, needs the money. He must need it, otherwise the following advertisement from *The Alexandria Gazette* has no meaning:

NEGROES for HIRE.—FIVE WOMEN and GIRLS, and TWO BOYS. Among the women are Cooks and House Servants. Apply, personally, to the undersigned, on Monday and Tuesday, the 27th and 28th of December, at Mount Vernon, where the negroes can be seen and examined. JOHN A. WASHINGTON.
Mount Vernon, Dec. 21—d1w.

Here we have Mount Vernon transmogrified into a regular slave shamble where human beings are sold out to the highest bidder—the proprietor living on their wages—until they are returned on his hands. Five women and girls are so dealt in by the illustrious descendant of the Father of his Country! Women that cook and bake and brew, and do the work of the housewife, and are entitled before God and man to the earnings of their heads and hands, these Mr. Washington sells out and pockets the proceeds. So, too, "boys" (men) who have an equal right to the product of their brawn and their brains. To such a cadence has Mount Vernon reached. Oh, save it, Americans, from further profanation. Stop rattling these bones in public, figuratively speaking, lest they turn over in their very coffin through immortal indignation. Let us pay off the $200,000, relieve the necessities of Mr. Washington, and protect the memory of his revolutionary ancestor.—*Tribune.*

THE SLAVE TRADE IN GEORGIA.

It seems rather singular that a cargo of slaves should be landed on the coast of Georgia, and safely transported into the interior and distributed among the plantations, and that the affair should cause so little excitement throughout the country. This bold violation of law, this perpetration of one of the most serious crimes that is forbidden by all nations, does not call for as much expression of indignation as the miserably futile attempt of the government to prevent the schooner Susan from sailing on a piratical voyage to Nicaragua. It is only a "dashing frolic" and a "cheerful and forgiving welcome." Yet this is not so singular as it seems, for the whole tendency of our government, under the control of the Democratic party, has been in this direction, and to this end. The revival of the African slave trade has not attracted much attention, because it is no greater violation of law than has been perpetrated by the agents and officers of the government, in Kansas; and because, apart from the atrocious cruelties of the slave trade, which are not necessarily a part of the system, it is really no worse than the domestic slave trade. We mean that to take a savage negro from Africa and to bring him to a plantation in Georgia is certainly not worse than to take a partly educated and kindly brought up negro from Virginia, send him away from his family and put him on a sugar estate. This latter has not till recently been defended on any other ground than as a necessary evil, the result of a false system, the imposition of which upon the country was one of the complaints made against the King of England in the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, not a "glittering generality," but a specific charge.

We are of opinion that the trade thus commenced will be carried on to a considerable extent. We see nothing to hinder it. Public opinion will prevent the execution of the law against it, in the regions where the slaves are landed, and where alone process can issue and the offence can be tried. The cultivation of cotton is exceedingly profitable, and the difference between the cost of native and imported slaves is enormous. Undoubtedly, the unlimited importation of negroes would, as Gov. Hammond argues, depreciate the value of those already here, but this does not apply to each individual planter, whose interests would be promoted by increasing his force at the prices offered by the slavers.

Those who remember the horror with which the suggestion for the reopening of the slave trade was received, the eager haste with which it was disavowed and stigmatized as the insane ravings of a few extreme men, and compare it with the actual facts in Georgia and in South Carolina, may judge of the progress that has been made in slavery since the accession of the present administration. The question of reöpening the African slave trade is reduced, practically, to a mere question of self-interest. The facilities for carrying it on, and for landing negroes on the Southern coast, are such that it will receive very little hindrance from the sleepy vigilance of an administration that is supported by the men who are in favor of the traffic. The great opposition will come from the slave-breeding States, and from the planters who have large investments in negroes that would be depreciated in value by the importation of native Africans. Such is the present state of a question on which but a few years ago there was but one opinion. Truly may Gov. Hammond say that the principles of slavery have made great progress.—*Providence Journal.*

PROGRESS OF EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

Correspondence of the Independence Belge.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 22, 1858.

While the great measure of liberation is going on, the Emperor has, as you know, in spite of all opposition, emancipated all the peasants on the appanages, or lands of the Imperial family, comprising several hundred thousand souls. I have already analyzed the remarkable ukase relative to this emancipation. I have now, on the same subject, a fact which is very characteristic of the difficulties which the Prince meets in the execution of his generous desires.

For the management of the administration of the appanages, an administration as complicated as it is extensive, there is a special Department, called the Department of the Appanages. The direction of this Department is in the hands of Gen. Muravieff, not to be confounded with the Governor of Nijni, that energetic man who first comprehended the plan of the Emperor in regard to emancipation, entered resolutely upon its execution, and carried with him the nobility of his province.

The Muravieff of the appanages has nothing in common with him. It is notorious here that when the Emperor had resolved to free the peasants of the Imperial family, and when, in spite of a strong opposition, he signed the ukase which gave them the liberty to remain in their villages as free men, or to leave them for some other condition, such as that of merchants or bourgeois, for example, Gen. Muravieff attempted to persuade Alexander that this ukase might be postponed without injury, the lot of these peasants being so happy under his administration that not one of them would take the liberty granted by the ukase. The answer of the Emperor is worthy of preservation. "So much the better," said he, "if they remain, but we shall nevertheless have done our duty if we treat these men with humanity."

But scarcely had the ukase appeared when there was a general movement among the peasants of the appanages; the wealthiest as well as the poorest all ran to inscribe themselves as willing to change their condition.

Muravieff became anxious at this and made a tour through the appanages, and within two or three weeks past it is said that he has sent out as many as sixty employees upon different pretexts, to endeavor to calm the excitement and to prevent the rush, in order to gain time. The truth came to the ears of the Emperor, and he is reported to have reproved the Minister sharply for having concealed it. Whence the rumor that Gen. Michael Muravieff is about to lose his portfolio, especially as for the two years that he has held it the Czar has been continually demanding ameliorations in the condition of the peasants of his family, and nothing has been done.

It was Paul who united the appanages. The condition of the peasantry on them was very endurable under Alexander I. They themselves conducted their own administration under the communal *régime*, except that, instead of paying into the general treasury the tribute which they themselves apportioned, they paid it into the treasury of the appanages. Under the next reign, the administration was radically changed: the peasantry passed into the condition of serfs, and were assimilated in every respect with the serfs of the nobles. The *corvée* was imposed upon them, and with the *corvée* a multitude of little requirements, which deprived them of their liberty in the simplest and most insignificant acts of life.

There were in each commune lands reserved to be cultivated by the peasants for the support of public establishments, such as churches, magazines, and hospitals; the excess was distributed among the persons engaged in the administration, from the minister to the lowest employee. It was a supplementary salary, amounting to considerable sums in some instances. I have heard $30,000 suggested as the share of the minister alone. However, I would not believe that this has had any influence on his conduct.

The speech of the Emperor at Moscow produced an excellent effect. The nobles learned from it that emancipation is a thing irrevocably determined upon. I have just seen a person who arrived from there yesterday, and who assures me that the Czar, still dissatisfied with the action of the nobility of Moscow, has ordered its Emancipation Committee to end its labors on the 9th of December.

I shall have to write you particularly about the Committee of St. Petersburg; I will give you an analysis of the counter-project, or rather the protest which accompanies the document now in the hands of the Central Committee. The protest is a very remarkable document, and throws great light on the public law of Russia, which, if only in this relation, deserves to be better known.

Correspondence of Le Nord.

WARSAW, Nov. 10, 1858.

You are aware that the Emperor has not ratified the project of the Committee entrusted with the regulation of the serf question in Poland; all, high and low, have been pleased with his refusal. Instead of attempting to carry out the Imperial idea, the Committee set itself at work upon the ideas of the Anglo-maniacs and proposed to change our peasantry into a tenantry, allowing them no property of their own, abolishing the rights which they have acquired by private contracts with proprietors, and attacking all the local prejudices of the *corvée* and the *obrok communal*. This refusal of the Committee's plan shows a desire to place Poland on the same footing in this respect as the rest of the Empire.

Correspondence Havas.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 22, 1858.

The question of emancipation, so far as it depends upon the Emperor, is getting on rapidly. He has just ordered that the serfs belonging to the mines, under the direction of the Minister of Finance, be freed in six months, and three Committees have been organized to carry this order into effect—one for the Government of Moscow, and another for Orenburg, and the third for the Ural.

Fully to realize the importance of this measure, we must remember that all the peasantry employed in the mines were originally free. But Peter the Great, who wished to encourage metal-working in Russia, gave to all who desired it, nobles as well as merchants, villages and forests, where they could get the wood necessary for their forges.

The powers of these new proprietors over the peasants who inhabited these villages was limited; but little by little it was extended until these peasants became actual serfs.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 23, 1858.

The landholders of Poland have made an attempt to secure themselves as firmly as they can against the consequences of emancipation. The cultivators of Polish estates are personally free, but they are dependent on the proprietors for the lands which they work upon. These men were warned off because it was feared that they would claim the lands which they occupied. The result has been a multitude of suits, in which it has been decided that the cultivators cannot be expelled from the lands which they have cleared, nor from those which were originally considered as the lands of the peasants; and that they will have the right to enter upon full possession of them as soon as the general emancipation is proclaimed. Prince Gorchakoff is to submit a general plan for the emancipation in Poland to the Central Committee; in that Kingdom it will really consist in the acquisition of the real estate by the peasantry.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26, 1858.

BY information here from Augusta, Georgia, and its vicinity, I learn there is great anxiety in that region concerning the Africans brought there by the yacht Wanderer, or by the vessel of which she was the pioneer. These Africans are within a few miles of Augusta, and, as far as possible, kept secreted. Over two hundred were taken up the Savannah river. The whole number imported is about four hundred. Those not taken up to the neighborhood of Augusta were landed in other parts of Georgia. So unpopular is the movement to introduce African slaves that but one out of the number had been sold, and that was a "likely" boy, seventeen or eighteen years old, to a colored barber in Augusta. While conservative planters and people of respectable position are averse to buying these Africans, men of their own race and "white niggers" are ready to buy them. The extreme penalty of death for engaging in the slave trade has the effect of making the law nugatory, and it is understood some of the conservative Southern men in Congress will shortly introduce some measure to make the law more effective, by a more modified but more certain punishment. Judging from the language of Southern members of Congress, I should say nine-tenths of the Southern people are against the introduction of Africans into this country.

Mr. Reuben Davis, of Mississippi, one of the ultra fire-eating members of the House, asked, on two occasions, but did not obtain leave to introduce the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Affairs be instructed to report a bill authorizing and requiring the President of the United States to take and retain possession of the island of Cuba, unless, within the next six months, the sum of $128,635 54, acknowledged in the year 1854 by the Spanish government to be due to citizens of the United States for duties unjustly exacted from American vessels at different custom houses in Cuba, be paid, and satisfaction be given to the President for insults heretofore offered to our flag, and injuries inflicted on the persons and property of our citizens."

A resolution of the Spanish Cortes, directing Queen Isabella to seize upon Florida or California in case of longer delay on the part of the American government to pay up the Amistad claim, would be about as just and sensible a proposition as that of Mr. Davis.

The House Judiciary Committee has under consideration a matter which may reopen the whole question of slavery. Mr. Greenwood, of Arkansas, some time since submitted to this committee a bill to punish negro-stealing in the Indian country. The question under consideration is, whether slaves can be held in the Indian country under the Constitution. The committee is divided upon it. The matter will be brought before Congress.—*Herald Correspondence.*

THE WANDERER AND HER CARGO OF AFRICANS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Friday, Dec. 24, 1858.

I ARRIVED at this place last evening from Macon, Ga. The object of the present letter is to inform you, agreeably to promise, of any matters or proofs touching the introduction of the African negroes by the schooner Wanderer. The fullest proofs have, at last, passed before my own eyes, dissipating all further doubts upon the subject. I have just seen the identical negroes brought from Africa by Captain Corrie, or his accomplices. They are the real simon-pure Congo negroes. They came here from Macon, Ga. Though they cannot understand a word, they will repeat with excellent pronunciation every word spoken to them. They evince much curiosity in what is passing around them, and appear desirous to understand our language. They are a fine, athletic race of negroes, much superior to those described as captured on board the Echo.

The presence of these strange beings in this place in such large numbers creates a great deal of excitement, and crowds are thronging from all parts to get a sight of them. Meantime fierce discussions are heard on all sides as to the propriety of reopening the slave trade. The negroes, who appear to be in the hands of speculators, will go down the Alabama river this evening upon the steamer St. Nicholas. As I shall also take passage on the same boat, I shall not omit the opportunity to learn all the particulars I can concerning the manner of their introduction into the country, and also their destination. You may assure your readers that there is no longer the shadow of a doubt that, so far as the successful landing of a cargo of native Africans upon our Southern coast can effect that result, the African slave trade has actually been reopened.

Commending these facts to the vigilant Marshal Rynders, who once seized, ransacked, and then released the Wanderer and sent her on her novel mission, I close by subscribing myself SPECTATOR.

CAPTURE OF ONE OF THE WILD AFRICANS.
From the Savannah Republican, Dec. 25.

We learn from passengers on board the St. Mary's, which arrived from Florida, yesterday, that Deputy Marshal Edwin Gordon had arrested, on Jekyl Island, an African that gave every evidence of recent importation. He was taken on board the St. Mary's at Brunswick, with the view of bringing him to this city, but not having a clearance, the Marshal took him ashore again for the purpose of procuring one, when the steamer, having no time to delay, according to the account, swung off from the wharf, and took her departure, leaving Mr. Gordon and his prize behind.

Since the above was written, Marshal Gordon and Collector Marry have arrived with their captive, by the Gulf road, and deposited him for safe-keeping in the barracks. There were a number in the camp, when the Marshal approached it, but they all scampered like wild beasts, at the suggestion of an interpreter, and only two were taken, one of which subsequently made his escape.

[A telegraphic despatch from Savannah, of a later date than the above says that the negro has absconded, "and the officers are engaged in searching for him, while scores have been transported by railroads and steamers throughout the South. The U. S. Marshal has been requested to resign, but refuses to do so. He will probably, though, be generally thought blameless."]

The Atlanta Intelligencer of Dec. 24 says:

"Quite an excitement was produced in our city on yesterday morning, on account of the arrival by the Georgia Railroad train of forty negroes, said to be direct from Africa. They were under the control of Mr. Thack Broduax, a gentleman whom we have long known, and who informs us that they were natives of South Carolina. The general impression here is that they were a part of the cargo lately landed at Savannah. Our opportunities of examination were so limited that we are not prepared to give a definite opinion on the subject. They left on the train for Montgomery, and will be carried out west—whither we did not learn.

The Wanderer case has been postponed, in consequence of the continued absence of witnesses.

From The Edgefield (S. C.) Advertiser.

MR. EDITOR: Please insert this as an authorized announcement that the cargo of slaves, brought by the Wanderer from Africa, have been landed in Edgefield District, and that most of them are now within its confines.

This act has been done by a combination of many of the first families in Georgia and South Carolina, from purely patriotic motives.

They ask for a suspension of public opinion until their motives can be explained and their arguments heard in defence of it, to which end I write this note, requesting to be informed if you will give me a place in your columns for the purpose above indicated.

M. HERZEN'S REPLY TO M. DE GUROWSKI.

A LIBEL.

From The Kolokol.

ON the 16th of November I received, under cover of an envelope posted at Vienna, a newspaper slip containing a letter from Count Gurowski to the editor of *The N. Y. Evening Post*. At the bottom of the slip I found penciled: "Was transmitted to me for you. A. Kolatschek, Gumpendorf, Haupt-strasse, 368."

One passage in M. de Gurowski's letter runs thus: "But these *noisy* philanthropists, such as Herzen, and even Tourgeneff (*), illustrate their character by *selling their serfs* which they could have individually emancipated, and now they are abroad preaching emancipation and living on the money *derived from the sale*."

I solemnly declare that this assertion is *a calumny*; that neither previous to nor after my leaving Russia did I ever sell, or cause to be sold, any estate, tenanted or non-tenanted, or any serf of any class whatever; nay, more, I not only never sold, but I never mortgaged or transferred any estate or peasant, nor did I make any sham sale, or do any clandestine act having such sale for its object.

In 1846, after the decease of my father, I came into possession of two dwelling-houses in Moscow, of a capital deposited at the Imperial Bank, and of some landed property (viz., a few villages) in the Government of Kostroma. This property has not only never been sold, but not a single peasant has been alienated from the Commune, and moreover, this property has not even been mortgaged. In 1849, it was sequestrated by government, on the ground of my having left the country—it has ever since continued under sequestration, and never added a single farthing to my income. In 1856, I published, in the first volume of *The Polar Star*, a letter stating that I should deem myself happy if Government would permit me to resign all my rights of land-owner in favor of the Commune—being *outlawed* by my position, it was not in my power otherwise. If Alexander II. would take me at my word, and grant me that permission, I should accept it as a great boon indeed.

I defy all Russian agents, officials, officious, all correspondents, diplomatists, vice-consuls, juris-consuls, proconsuls, to *contradict or controvert one word of this my statement*, or to produce one tittle of evidence to disprove it. All deeds of this description are duly registered, and the law records, dating from 1833 (the year which I came of age), are extant.

M Gurowski, with whom I am not in the least acquainted, may have been led into error—he must be very much pleased to see my vindication. At all events, he will feel that I could not remain impassive under the weight of such an imputation.

As for M. Kolatschek, the conveyor of the slip, I know not what can have impelled him to undertake to deliver an unpleasant message, but I have only to thank him for the opportunity he has afforded me to expose the slander.

19th November, 1858. ALEXANDER HERZEN.
Park House, Percy Cross, Fulham.

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* The well-known N. Tourgeneff—a statesman of the time of Alexander I., a friend of the Freiherr von Stein—one of the most zealous champions of the cause of serf-emancipation, who, in 1826, was sentenced (*en contumace*) to hard labor for life. A. H.

From The Tribune.

The Count de Gurowski has honored us with a letter couched, of course, in an aristocratic style of high-breeding, of which the following is a precise copy:

"*To the Editor or director of personalities in the Tribune.*

"As you published in to-day's *Tribune* only half the story concerning me and Mr. Herzen, *if you are a gentleman?* you will publish my answer to Herzen inserted in the *Evening Post* yesterday Debr 23 1858. GUROWSKI.

"*Friday.*"

As we desire nothing in the world so ardently as to prove that we are a gentleman, and as, in the eyes of so eminent a judge of what constitutes a gentleman as the Count de Gurowski, the only thing necessary to establish our claim to that distinction is to copy his letter from *The Evening Post*, we hasten to perform the duty:

"SIR: I am gratified to learn from your solemn declaration, contained in a recent number of *La Cloche*, that my statement in *The New York Evening Post* of the 22d of October, to the effect that you had sold your serfs, was erroneous.

"The opportunity must therefore be still open to you (and I may be allowed to express the hope that you will lose no time in embracing it) to illustrate, by your own example, the splendid philanthropy of which you are so distinguished an advocate; and by forthwith emancipating your serfs, distributing among them, in just proportions, the lands they have hitherto cultivated, and conferring upon them such other privileges as may be within your power, at once vindicate the sincerity of your own professions, and carry the idea of emancipation to a point which the Emperor, in his benevolent designs, never dreamed of reaching.

"New York, Dec. 23, 1858. GUROWSKI.

"To ALEXANDER HERZEN, London."

Having thus placed our character as a gentleman beyond the possibility of question, we are probably competent to make one or two observations. First, then, it is our impression that this letter does not exhibit the Count de Gurowski in a perfectly creditable light. He had made certain positive public allegations respecting Mr. Herzen which that gentleman pronounced false and calumnious. Now, as it seems that these allegations were made without any ground, and as, in fact, their author admits that they were false, we submit that it would have been appropriate for him to make for his calumny a very different apology from the insolent epistle which he has so pompously summoned us to copy. Still, we offer this suggestion with diffidence; we have been a gentleman for so short a time that we have no confidence in our own opinion on such delicate matters. But, as a second point, we are bound to withdraw an intimation contained in our paragraph of yesterday, that probably but for the intervention of the ocean there would be a duel between the parties. We are convinced from the above letter that this was unjust to the Count de Gurowski, and we retract it accordingly.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

TO DONORS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

THE NEW YEAR.

WE believe that it is strictly canonical for all dignitaries having the privilege of the ear or the eye of the people—whether from the pulpit or through the press—to make the return of a New Year the text for an Occasional Discourse, adapted to the spiritual wants and designed for the edification and growth in grace of their respective congregations. We have, from time to time, availed ourselves of these salient points on our onward journey to pause for a moment and look backward and about us to see how far we have advanced, and what are the grounds we have to hope for a prosperous issue to it. It is only thus that we can read the full lesson of our experience and see in it all the encouragement and all the warning with which it teems. Day follows day, and month pursues month, so rapidly and so noiselessly, as we steer right onward through the tide of events, that we are apt not to perceive the way we have made, nor to make allowance for the secret force of unseen currents as well as of contrary winds, which may disturb our reckoning and retard our progress. It is only by frequent observations of the eternal lights above him which never change, as well as by a careful scrutiny of the signs which may be discerned around him below, that the voyager through life, like the mariner at sea, can learn where he is, how far he has drifted or been driven out of his right course, and how he may turn his prow towards the haven of his destination.

We cannot aver that a look at the aspect of public affairs in this nation is of much promise as to the speedy coming of the day of Emancipation which the Church Universal of the Abolitionists is gathered to hasten on. The spectacle of the entire power and influence of the government put forth to compel a Territory preferring freedom to take slavery upon its shoulders, which has only been defeated—if it be indeed defeated—by a virtual civil war, is not an encouraging one. Nor yet the contemplation of its foreign policy, the avowed purpose of which is to obtain by purchase, with Northern money in the ratio of ten to one, or by blood islands of the sea—"Edens of the Western deep"—and broad domains looking towards the tropics, for the acknowledged purpose of extending the domain of slavery abroad and establishing its supremacy at home. The scarcely concealed connivance of the National Government at the piratical expeditions fitted out in Southern ports, against genuine Republics with which we have no quarrel excepting that, having lands fitted for slave labor, they have abolished slavery, has no direct looking towards abolition here. Nor yet the actual reöpening of the African slave trade and the distribution of at least one cargo of freshly imported negroes over the inland plantations of Georgia and South Carolina. The utter inadequacy of the Federal Government to prevent or punish any of these infractions of the fundamental laws of the nation itself, while it effectually hinders their being suppressed by other Powers, is a new proof of the fact that the United States Government is strong only for evil, and weak beneath contempt for good.

Nor does the frantic religious excitement which swept over the land, in the train of the Panic which followed close upon the fierce pursuit of gold which had overleapt its bounds and ended in ruin and dismay, hold out any fairer promise of the advent of the Kingdom of Righteousness and Justice. Its only visible fruits are seen in the strengthening of those bulwarks which Mr. Birney proved to be the stronghold of slavery, which have been made to frown yet more darkly than before on whatever may disturb the blood-stained ties that bind the Northern and the Southern saints together. And even the shape which political opposition to slavery has taken upon itself is one which one would think more fitted to comfort the enemies than the friends of Freedom. The virtual admission that the General Government has no power to forbid slavery in a Territory, the tacit acceptance of the doctrines of Popular Sovereignty which are the trophies of pro-slavery triumphs, the careful avoidance of any unnecessary jar upon the pro-slavery sensibilities of the North, and the superfluity of wordy zeal in behalf of the Union, which have characterized the Republican party, have to be read with anointed eyes and with the heart of faith to see in it that spirit which alone can carry through a Revolution. Indeed, it disclaims any revolutionary ideas, such as the abolition of slavery would involve, and proposes only to bring back the policy of the country to the point from which the slaveholders set out, seventy years ago, upon their campaign against Northern rights and human freedom, with the flag of the nation floating over their ranks, and their very enemies placed, by their consent, in the position of their allies and their accessories.

On the other hand, the numbers of the Abolitionists themselves have not materially increased since twenty years ago. Then larger sums of money could be raised, with less effort, than the exigencies of the cause can now command. The demand for the direct organs of the Anti-Slavery Movement was greater than it is now. Fifteen years ago it was easier to get five subscribers to THE STANDARD than it is to get one now. And yet we see no sign of going backward or going down in all these things. The present state of affairs in this country, on this first of January, 1859, is but the exact fulfilment of the anti-slavery prophecies of years ago. Only the progress of events has been more swift, and the thickening of the catastrophe more sudden, than we had ventured to anticipate. The State has gone on in the path of Pro-slavery aggression and outrage which we saw, years ago, to be inevitable. The Church has, in its great bodies and voluntary associations, proved herself the friend and comforter of slavery in the very point where it most needed succor. Years ago, we declared that the division of the politics of the country on the single point of slavery was a thing that could not be long delayed, and here we are in the midst of it. It is in vain that cautious politicians define their positions and draw distinctions to show that they have no purpose of disturbing the National relations as to slavery. The slaveholders utterly scout all such glosses, and accept at least one doctrine of the gospel, that he that is not with them is against them, and he that gathereth not with them scattereth abroad. They know that slavery is an institution which will not endure even incidental discussion. The least chink in its walls may let in light enough to destroy it utterly. They must either triumph thoroughly or fail utterly. They know that no political party which has any anti-slavery element in it can exist but by the growth of that element, just as they know that their own pro-slavery politics cannot be maintained, except by exasperating and exacerbating the pro-slavery fanaticism which is its vital principle.

When we look back to New Years long gone by, we have no reason to wish things to be again as they then were. Bad as the Pro-Slavery activity is now, the Anti-Slavery apathy of thirty years ago was vastly worse. The Abolitionists have done all that they expected or proposed in stirring up the nation as to slavery and making it the one object of thought, speculation and passion. And they have done it well. They have caused the State and the Church to throw off the decent disguises they used to wear and to appear in their true colors. They have seen the Whig party, which filled one half the political horizon once, and twice attained the heights of power, they have seen it utterly abolished and destroyed, by the very power they had themselves generated. They have seen the Democratic party stripped of all the principles in which Jefferson had adorned it, and converted into the meanest and most unscrupulous slave of the slaveholders. They have seen a great party arise, out of the ebullition of the cauldron they had set bubbling and troubling, though not in the shape they had conjured for, which came within a hair's-breadth of a National victory, the last election. They have covered the land with newspapers, political and religious, which take about the same ground as to slavery that they themselves did twenty years ago. They have done their engineering well and have made no little progress in building the bridge over which others will march to the victory. No, there has never been a New Year's Day when the Abolitionists of the American Society had more reason to thank God and take courage. Much work has been done, and, though more remains to do, the line of duty and the plan of operations was never more clear.

How the Abolition of Slavery is to work itself out of this wholesome confusion we cannot precisely tell. We only know that as the other great reformations of the world have gone forward, so this one cannot be held back. The ideas which are now held in solution by the general mind of the nation must crystallize in time into institutions. Let us go back a century and consider how the world looked to one regarding it in 1759. The fear of the French then overshadowed the public heart. The victory of Wolfe had not yet been purchased with his life, and crowned by the conquest of Canada. Never, perhaps, was the Glorious Union of the Colonies with the Mother Country more prized and exulted in than then. The man who had prophesied its dissolution on that day would have been regarded not so much a traitor as a fool. And yet in fifteen years the Revolution had begun, and in just twenty from the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, it was completed. Look at all the history that has passed since then, see how this nation has grown to the stature of a Power of the first class, robbed only of its strength and *prestige* by the blight of slavery, and then say whether the Dissolution of this Union and the extirpation of slavery by internal insurrection or by foreign invasion, if not abolished from within to avoid these calamities, are more improbable events than those which the last century has brought to pass! That the Abolition of Slavery is to be the great historical event of this century, on this continent, we know, because we believe that God exists and is just. How he will bring it about we know not; but we will neglect no means whereby we may be co-workers with him in this great deliverance.

THE FINANCIAL ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: In answer to the many inquiries constantly made of the friends of the cause, showing how much the public mind is interested respecting the Financial Anti-Slavery Festival, Soirée, Anniversary, Reception, Convention, Drawing-Room, Council, Conversazione, Commemoration, World's Convention—either of which it may be called, since it will, in its nature, be *all* these—will you kindly allow me, through your columns, to say that, *in all probability*, it will be held at the MUSIC HALL, Boston, during a day and evening in JANUARY, hereafter to be determined;

That all our friends *everywhere* are requested to give the pleasure of their company;

That no entrance fee will be permitted, the only offerings to the cause desirable on this occasion being those, whether great or small, that free-will makes worthy of it;

That cards of invitation will be placed at the Anti-Slavery offices and at the Booksellers' shops for the convenience of the guests; and each card, previously inscribed with the name and address of the person presenting it, will insure a cordial reception;

That cloak-rooms will be arranged to save the guests the risk of remaining in their street dress in a warmed and lighted apartment;

That the *evening* invitations will be issued for half-past 7 o'clock; but the guests will be welcome at any moment during the evening, and a short visit gladly received if a long one is impossible on account of other engagements; (respecting the day-arrangements, further notice hereafter;)

That all who are prevented from being present in person, especially friends from the South, are entreated to accompany their subscriptions by a short letter, that may give information and encouragement to their Northern coadjutors in this great work of national progress and improvement;

That, while renewing the invitation to all, this occasion, as an opportunity for subscription merely, is *exclusively* commended to those who have never habitually subscribed elsewhere; to those who are just beginning to appreciate the importance of the cause that has done so much for their benefit, without their having, as yet, made a pecuniary contribution to promote it; to those whose political path it has lighted, till they feel the obligation *to feed the lamp*; to those who have hitherto contributed by purchase, and who are now relied upon to continue their aid by donation, in the assurance that half the sum they may have annually spent will be a clearer gain than the whole through the former circuitous channel.

M. W. C.

PREMIUM FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE STANDARD.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—We invite attention to the prospectus of this work in our advertising column. Our opinion of the work we need not now repeat; but we have an announcement to make, which we hope may result in a considerable addition to our own subscription-list. By an arrangement with Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., we are enabled to offer the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *The Atlantic Monthly* together, to new subscribers, for the coming year, for $4.00. Any person, therefore, who will procure one new subscriber to THE STANDARD and forward us the money ($2.00) in advance, can have *The Atlantic* by enclosing $2.00 more in the same letter. The subscription price of the latter is $3.00. The person procuring the subscriber may either share with him the reading of *The Atlantic*, or retain the latter for his own exclusive use. Are there not a considerable number of our readers, especially among the young, who will be glad to avail themselves of this means of aiding the anti-slavery cause and at the same time obtaining the best literary periodical in the United States? Names to be sent in on or before the first of January, 1859. Direct, "*National Anti-Slavery Standard*, New York."

JOHN ANGEL JAMES, the English dissenting minister whose works have been so extensively circulated in the United States, has addressed a letter to the Evangelical Churches here, invoking their aid in sending the gospel to China. In the course of his letter occurs this allusion to slavery:

"I am most deeply impressed with the vast and almost unimaginable importance of your country to the world's future history in all that concerns its civilization and religion. With a territory, fast filling up, that would support half the present population of the globe, what will your country be a century hence? Even now you are nearly equal in numbers to those of Great Britain, and even with a diminished ratio of increase, will in all probability by that time reach the mighty aggregate of 200,000,000 of human beings! What a moral as well as political and commercial power are you thus destined by Providence to wield provided you get rid of slavery, that enormous evil which is your sin, your shame, and, your misery; which deteriorates your character and lowers your reputation; which is the cause of so much social disorganization and national weakness; and which Washington, with fearful misgivings, permitted to enter into the fatal original compromise. Till America has washed her hands of this crime, she cannot be what Providence seems to have destined her to become—the model, the reformer, and the benefactor of the world. You are not, and cannot be, insensible to this. Of what consequence is it, therefore, that the philanthropic and evangelic principle should grow with your growth and strengthen with your strength, and thus, together with the Fatherland, be the joint benefactors, through all its future history, of the old world!"

This is very well as far as it goes, but that is not far, since Mr. James worse than nullifies his testimony by refusing or failing to discriminate between evangelical Christians and pro-slavery evangelical *professors* of religion.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 761, closes vol. lix. "Horace Walpole in his Old Age" is the subject of the opening paper, from the *Dublin University Magazine*. We have a fresh instalment of "Hanworth," a very interesting sketch of Zwingli, the great Swiss Reformer, and some minor articles. New York: Stanford & Delisser.

SOUND DOCTRINE FOR CHILDREN.

OFTEN, in the discharge of our editorial duties, have we been required to call the attention of the public to the discreditable fact that the Methodist Episcopal Church (North), in spite of certain strong anti-slavery expressions in her discipline, sanctions and supports slavery by admitting slaveholders and slave traffickers to her communion. We have done this with the greater earnestness and persistency because not a few Methodists have dishonestly attempted, for ecclesiastical and sectarian reasons, to conceal the truth, and induce the public to believe that their Church was truly and consistently anti-slavery. But, on the other hand, we have taken pleasure in noticing the determined efforts of other Methodists to extirpate slavery from their Church; and while we have not been able to see how they could consistently remain, even for a day, in a Church thus defiled by a great iniquity, we have not failed to acknowledge their sincere devotion to the work in which they are engaged, nor to give them our hearty God-speed. More than once have we alluded to the fact that the *Methodist Quarterly Review* is edited by a strong man of the anti-slavery party, who deals heavy blows at the champions and apologists of slaveholding. Our readers have also been informed that the Secretary of the Methodist Sunday School Union, Rev. Daniel Wise, elected by the last General Conference, is an earnest advocate of the doctrine that slavery, under all its disguises, is a sin. As the editor of Sunday School books, tracts and periodicals, he has it in his power to exert a marked influence, especially upon the young; and we are glad to be informed that he does not by any means neglect the opportunities afforded by his position for imparting correct information and inculcating right principles in relation to slavery. A new book, prepared by him for Sunday Schools, is about to be issued from the Book Room. Its title is, "*A Few Words About American Slave Children*," and if it is all as good as the introductory chapter, which has been laid on our table in advance of publication, and which we give place below, it will aid effectually in preparing the rising generation of Methodists to act a Christian part against slavery.

In the light of the principles so clearly set forth in the following chapter, how black appears the guilt of the Methodist Church in sanctioning slavery, as she certainly does, by admitting slaveholders and slave-traders to her communion, and in employing her chief organ, the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, to apologize for the iniquity and malign the earnest champions of freedom. "One swallow does not make summer"; no more can one or half-a-dozen anti-slavery Sunday School books, issued from the Book Room, make the Methodist Church really and truly an anti-slavery Church. Indeed, she will not be an anti-slavery Church until every slaveholder is banished from her communion, and all her mighty energies are employed in waging an uncompromising war against the sin which her great founder declared to be "THE SUM OF ALL VILLANY."

A FEW WORDS ABOUT AMERICAN SLAVE CHILDREN.

Children, you are free and happy. Kind parents watch over you with loving eyes; patient teachers instruct you from the beautiful pages of the printed book; benign laws protect you from violence, and prevent the strong arms of wicked people from hurting you; the blessed Bible is in your hands; when you become men and women, you will have full liberty to earn your living, to go, to come, to seek pleasure or profit in any way that you may choose, so long as you do not meddle with the rights of other people; in one word, *you are free children!* Thank God! thank God! my children, for this precious gift. Count it dearer than life. Ask the great God who made you free to teach you to prefer death to the loss of liberty.

But are all the children in America free like you? No, no! I am sorry to tell you that hundreds of thousands of American children are *slaves*. Though born beneath the same sun and on the same soil, with the same natural right to freedom as yourselves, they are nevertheless SLAVES. Alas for them! Their parents cannot train them as they will, for they too have MASTERS. These masters say to them:

"Your children are OURS—OUR PROPERTY! They shall not be taught to read or write; they shall never go to school; they shall not be taught to read the Bible; they must submit to us and not to you; we shall whip them, sell them and do what else we please with them. They shall never own themselves, never have the right to dispose of themselves, but shall obey us in all things as long as they live!"

"Why do their fathers let these masters have their children? My father wouldn't let anybody have me," I hear one of my little free-spirited readers ask.

Simply, my noble boy, because they can't help it. The masters have banded themselves together, and have made a set of wicked laws by which nearly four millions of men, women and children are declared to be their personal chattels, or property. So that if one of these slave fathers should refuse to let his child be used as the property of his master, those wicked laws would help the master by inflicting cruel punishments on the parent. Hence the poor slave fathers and mothers are forced to silently witness the cruel wrongs which their helpless children are made to suffer. Violence has been framed into a law, and the poor slave is trodden beneath the feet of the powerful.

"But why did those slaves let their masters bring them into this state? Why didn't they fight as our forefathers did when they threw off the yoke of England's laws?" inquires a bright-eyed lad who has just risen from the reading of a history of our Revolution.

The slaves were not reduced to their present servile condition in large bodies. When our ancestors settled this country, they felt the need of more laborers than they could hire. Then wicked men sailed from England and other parts of Europe to the coast of Africa. Sending their boats ashore filled with armed men, they fell upon the villages of the poor Africans, set fire to their huts, and, while they were filled with fright, seized, handcuffed and dragged them to their boats, and then carried them aboard ship.

This piracy was repeated until the ship was crowded with negro men, women and children. The poor things were packed like spoons below the deck. Then the ship set sail for the coast of America. I cannot tell you how horribly the poor negroes suffered. Bad air, poor food, close confinement and cruel treatment killed them off by scores. When they died their bodies were pitched into the sea, without pity or remorse.

After a wearisome voyage, the survivors, on being carried into some port, were sold to the highest bidder. No regard was paid to their relationship. One man bought a husband, another a wife. The child was taken to one place, the mother to another. Thus they were scattered abroad over the colonies. Fresh loads arrived continually, and thus their numbers increased. Others were born on the soil, until now, after the lapse of some two centuries, there are nearly four millions of negro slaves in the country, besides large numbers of colored people who in various ways have been made free.

You can now see how easy it was for the masters to make wicked laws by which the slaves are now held in bondage. They began when the slaves were few in number, when they spoke a foreign language, and when they were too few and feeble to offer any resistance to their oppressors, as their masters did to old England when she tried to oppress them.

I want you to remember one great truth regarding slavery, namely, that a slave is a human being, held and used as property by another human being, and that it is *always a* SIN AGAINST GOD *to thus hold and use a human being as property!*

You know it is not a sin to use an ox, a horse, a dog, a squirrel, a house, or an acre of land as property, if it be honestly obtained, because God made these and similar objects to be possessed as property by men. But God did not make *man to be the property of man*. He never gave any man the right to own his neighbor or his neighbor's child.

On the contrary, he made all men to be free and equal, as saith our Declaration of Independence. Hence, every negro child that is born is as free before God as the white child, having precisely the same right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, as the white child. The law which denied him that right does not destroy it. It may enable the man who claims him as a slave to deprive him of its exercise, but the right itself remains, for the wicked law under which he acts does not and cannot set aside the divine law, by which he is as free as any child that was ever born.

But if God made every man, woman and child to be free, and not property, then he who uses a human being as property acts contrary to the will of God and SINS! Is it not so, my children?

Yet that is what every slaveholder does. *He uses his slaves as property.* He reckons them as worth so many dollars, just as your father sets a certain money value on his horse, farm, or merchandise. He sells him, gives him away, uses his labor without paying him wages, claims his children as so many more dollars added to his estate, and, when he dies, wills him to his heirs forever. And this is SIN, my children—a very great sin against God, a high crime against human nature.

Mark what I say! the sin of slavery does not lie merely in whipping, starving, or otherwise ill-treating a human being, but in using him as property; in saying of him as you do of your dog: "He is my property. He is worth so much money to me. I will do what I please with him. I will keep him, use him, sell him, give him away, and keep all he earns, just as I choose."

To say that of a man is sin. You might cloth the man in purple, feed him on manna from heaven, and keep him in a palace of ivory, still, if you used him as your property, you would commit sin!

Children, I want you to shrink from this sin as the Jews did from the fiery serpents. Hate it. Loathe it as you would the leprosy. Make a solemn vow before the Savior, who loves the slave and slave children as truly as he does you, that you will never hold slaves, never apologize for those who do. As little Hannibal vowed eternal hatred to Rome at the altar of a false god, so do you vow eternal enmity to slavery at the altar of the true and living Jehovah. Let your purpose be, "I will rather beg my bread than live by the unpaid toil of a slave."

To assist you in carrying out that purpose, and to excite your sympathy for poor slave children, the following stories were written. The characters in them are all real, though their true names are not always given. The stories are therefore pictures of actual life, and worthy of your belief.

D. W.

FROM EUROPE.

The Cunard steamship Asia, from Liverpool Dec. 11, arrived at this port on Monday evening.

ENGLAND.

Several distinguished politicians, including Lord Palmerston, Mr. Lowe, and Messrs. Gibson and Bright had been addressing large public meetings on political topics in general, and the Reform question in particular. The long-pending demonstration in the shape of a soirée, at Manchester, in honor of the two last-named gentlemen, came off on the evening of the 10th inst. The Free-Trade Hall was crowded with an audience of about 5,000 people, who were enthusiastic in their welcome to their two late representatives in Parliament. Congratulatory resolutions were adopted, and Messrs. Gibson and Bright spoke at considerable length. The latter reiterated the sentiments recently enunciated by him at Birmingham eulogistic of the representative system of the United States. He argued earnestly for an extension of the suffrage "to every householder, because every householder is taxed to support the poor"; and in reply to those who accuse him of a want of patriotism and charge him with a desire to *Americanize* the British government, he said:

"But still I know exactly how we shall be met—'You are going to Americanize us' (loud laughter). Nothing is so dreadful to an Englishman who is thinking of emigrating across the Atlantic as that we should be Americanized in England (laughter). This is a phrase by some cooing knave (laughter) intended to catch a good many very simple dupes, and no doubt it will catch some of them. But I should like to ask these gentlemen, whether representation is not an English custom and an English principle? They were Englishmen who first took it to the United States (applause). It is said that wherever an Englishman goes, just as he takes with him his white skin, he takes with him the foundation of representative institutions. He has taken them already to the Cape; he is already as busy as possible in building up four or five monarchical republics in Australia; he has carried the representative system to Canada; he carries it wherever he goes. * * * I have said over and over again that perhaps I am the very last man in England who would propose any institution here because I found it elsewhere. I am not insensible to some things that appear to me to be errors in principle, some that are errors in practice, in the Constitution and the customs of the United States. But I protest against our being shut up to take nothing from America but cotton, and rice and tobacco (laughter and applause). And, in fact, we do take a good many other things. I am told that my friend, Mr. Platt, a member of a very eminent firm, has a wonderful machine from America with which to make bricks. We know that the agriculture of this country has been greatly advantaged by the importation of reaping machines from America (hear, hear). We know that those persons who are going about so apprehensive of a revolution have particular reason to be delighted with America, because they have received from that country the invention of the revolver ('hear' and laughter.) At this moment, in the government small arms establishment at Enfield, they have patent machinery from America for making gun stocks. They can turn out a gun stock, I am told, in twenty-two minutes fit for the barrel. What a dreadful thing to think of! (Laughter). And I am sure that Mr. Miles, if his protectionist principles have not long ago deserted him, will be horrified to hear that they have actually brought Americans over to show the English how to work them (continued laughter). But there is much more behind. *The Times, The Morning Star, The Daily Telegraph*, and the leading newspaper in this district, *The Manchester Daily Examiner*, with, I believe, two or three of the widely-circulated London weekly papers, are all printed on machines which were either made in America, or, being made in this country, were made on the American patent ('hear, hear' and applause). And further than this, don't you remember that the West-Enders, including even ladies, have been subscribing ten guineas apiece to invite a clever farmer from Ohio to show them how to tame a horse? (Great laughter.) Anything but politics (renewed laughter). You may delight yourself with their charming poets—with Bryant, and Lowell, and Longfellow; you may interest and instruct yourself by their great historians—Bancroft, and Prescott, and Motley. But if you ask how free popular institutions are working among your own countrymen on the American Continent, you are denounced as unpatriotic, and, at any rate, treasonable to the House of Lords ('hear, hear,' and laughter)."

Mr. Bright concluded his address as follows:

"My position in reference to this question is just new, as you know, one of heavy responsibility (hear, hear). I feel it to be so. I knew it to be so. I have been requested by those who believed they represented a large amount of public opinion to undertake the preparation of a bill to be submitted to the House of Commons during the coming session ('hear, hear,' and applause). I have not sought the office. I did everything I could to decline it, without being guilty of an absolute desertion of what appeared to be my duty (applause). I am told—some that are not friends of mine and some that are my friends tell me—that I hazard whatever little reputation I have with the public in taking this course (cries of 'No, no'). If it be so, I can only say that the creation or the sustaining of a reputation has never been the great motive in my political life (cheers). I have said before, and every day I am more sensible of it, how ill qualified I am, in many respects, for the work which I have undertaken ('No, no,' and cheers)—and I am more and more sensible of the almost insurmountable obstables which lie in the path before me. But I know that the cause is a just cause (loud cheers). I know that its success is necessary to the great future of the country; and I am perfectly certain that, sooner or later, it must prevail (cheers). From this platform I do not speak to you only—I speak to all my countrymen (hear, hear). If they wish for Reform—if they think me honest, informed, capable on this question—if they have any confidence in those with whom I am associated—then let them meet in their cities, their towns, their villages—in country parishes even, where free speech is not forbidden—let them meet, and speak; let them resolve, and let them petition. If they do this, I think I can promise them that before long they will be in full possession and in free exercise of those political rights which are not more necessary to their national interests than they are consistent with the principles of their boasted Constitution." (The honorable gentleman sat down amid hearty and long-continued cheering.)

The Atlantic Cable.—The London *Times* says:

"The question as to the replacing of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is likely to be decided in a few days. The Company have made application to the government for a guaranty of 4 1-2 per cent. on £537,000, subject to the same conditions as that of the Red Sea line, and this has been backed by memorials signed by the leading firms, not only of London, but of Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Halifax, Bradford, Hull, Glasgow, Paisley and Norwich. Supposing it to be granted, contracts will immediately be concluded for a new cable, and any negotiations that may be thought desirable with the American government will subsequently be entered into. No attempts can be made with any prospect of success to lift the old cable until the return of calm weather at the end of April or May, and, even under the best circumstances, the expectations with regard to the operation are not favorable. Meanwhile, it has been definitely ascertained that the existing damage was not at the shore end. The laying of the new end has been completed to a distance of twelve miles out from Valentia, and the portion taken up was found to be in a perfect condition for all electrical purposes. Experiments lately undertaken by a person previously unconnected with the enterprise, strongly support the original inference that the main fault is about 270 miles from the Irish coast, at a depth probably of 900 fathoms. There is also a fault on the other side, which is thought to be about 300 miles from Newfoundland; currents, however, still continue to be received, although of a kind so feeble and uncertain as to be useless for any practical purposes. At present the telegraph is in charge of Mr. Henley, who is manufacturing an apparatus such as his experience on the spot leads him to think may yet possibly lead to some results, but in no case could there be a hope of achieving permanently any satisfactory communication, otherwise than by an entirely new line."

IRELAND.

Fifteen young men have been arrested in the south-west of Ireland, on a charge of belonging to a secret society whose object is to bring about the invasion of their country by American filibusters! This society and others of a similar character are said to hold regular meetings and to pursue their objects vigorously and systematically. So formidable in the eyes of the authorities is this revival of Ribbonism that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has issued a proclamation reminding the members of the illegality of their movements and warning them to disband.

FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* is informed that the commission appointed to report on the subject of the engagement of free negroes in the French colonies have declared in favor of the present system. The commander of the French squadron on the African coast reports to the Minister of Marine that a fresh difficulty had arisen, a French vessel, loaded with free negroes, having been overhauled by the English cruisers and forced to reland the emigrants, although the operation was perfectly regular.

In closing the third year of his *Cours de Littérature*, M. de Lamartine addresses to his subscribers what he denominates an *explication franche*. The subject of course is the national subscription which bears his name, and its want of success. As M. de Lamartine is one of the men in whose good name the whole world has an interest, and as he has been extensively maligned in this country, we copy the principal portion of his explanation.

"Various causes have conspired to alienate the heart of the country from me at a time when I had most need of its prompt and constant assistance. It would, however, be wrong in me to be astonished at this indifference: it was natural. When one wants justice or favor of one's country, to live is an unpardonable crime. Only death can absolve from certain services as from certain celebrities. One ought to learn to die just at the right moment; that has not been my good fortune, although I have done everything to prepare for it in due time and place; but God, the Lord of my first day, is also the Lord of my last. Patience, then. Until now this sympathetic and honorable movement of the heart of a nation has been called forth everywhere—in England, in Ireland, in France—as often as an appeal to national sentiments or national honor has been made on behalf of a servant of the country, a statesman, an orator, a writer, or a poet. My friends thought, rightly or wrongly, that the same response might be expected now to a similar appeal. Antecedents deceived them, as they would have deceived me had I been in their place. They did not take sufficient account of the time, the circumstances, nor the unmerited but implacable resentments and the envy which lie concealed until the hour of disgrace, then to show themselves.

"Some have attributed my pecuniary embarrassments to fabulous expenditure, or to imprudent acts of prodigality, arising from mere impulse, in order to divert men's sight and sympathy from reverses which, in their opinion, have been richly deserved. That, though made in good faith, is a calumny which my life refutes for all those who know me personally. I have lived according to my station, as moralists and the most severe economists advise. I have never had any other luxury than a few hereditary habitations, too large for my fortune, in the country, habitations which I could not pull down without lowering the value and destroying the yield of my lands cultivated as vineyards. If I had only possessed the vine of Naboth, I should not have had the cellars and presses of Horace and Cicero. My fortune, more apparent than real, was never large. The world would be astonished were I to expose here the smallness of my patrimonial estate, the liens upon it being deducted. I have squandered nothing, whatever the declaimers against my pretended acts of extravagance may say upon the matter, with their statistics to boot. All my sets of furniture, of imagined Asiatic costliness, would not collectively equal in value, nor anything like it, the simplest furniture of a suit of rooms tenanted by an *habitué* of the Bourse in the Rue Vivienne or the Rue Richelieu. Where, then, are my smithies with ten thousand hammers? In the whole of my life I never put but one stone upon another stone, and that was to mark the spot of two tombs.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas!

"Others reproach me for great hospitality, quite rustic, to the peasantry in my fields. They do not know that this very hospitality, which they impute to me as a crime, is a personal and inevitable tax upon celebrity, whether well or ill acquired. There are certain names that render it compulsory. All the unfortunate of France, and even of Europe, turn instinctively towards certain names, I do not say more illustrious, but more notorious than other names, to solicit pity, support or succor. The thresholds of such men of note are besieged by persons in distress claiming sympathy; their tables are covered with letters blotted with tears. There was such a year in my life when I received as many as ten thousand of these letters, and that, too, since my return into obscurity. What could become of you if you had faces as cold and hearts as hard as your metal?

"The years that immediately followed the revolution of 1848 were particularly onerous, and so to say compulsory. How could a man refuse to share his last crust with those who shared in his efforts and dangers for maintaining order and preserving society at those periods, when these brave citizens, less interested apparently than we in property, were generously offering up their blood for it?

"Then the years disastrous to the vineyards supervened, during a period of disbursements without income. There was no help for it but to get still deeper involved, in order to feed about five hundred breadless laborers belonging to the estate.

"Then the interest of the old and new debts accumulated on the capital. I hoped to have supported alone this treble burthen of a revolution, that weighed more heavily on me than on others, of unproductive lands and exorbitant interest. I endeavored to bear up by the strength of mental labor. Thanks to the public and to an assistance for which I shall ever be grateful, this labor brought back liberally its reward. But events transform the scene—the hand grows weary, the public becomes palled, enemies malign. He who says "public" says "chance"; the trade of a man of letters is merely the cast of the die with public opinion—this labor intoxicates, but does not feed. We reckon the yield; we do not reckon the outlay, the deceptions and miscalculations.

"'Why did you not sell your lands?' people say to me now, with a semblance of reason that deceives parties not properly informed.

"I did not sell, and do not sell, because not one purchaser came forward during the ten years, and none comes forward even now. How can you sell if there are no buyers? These lands are advertised everywhere and every day. Well, my enemies or my friends may ask on this head all the notaries of Paris, Lyons, Macon and France, who are commissioned to sell these estates, even at a loss. These honorable public officers will answer unanimously that they have not received the offer of a centime for these lands, valued by the most conscientious appraisers at more than two millions of francs. This fact, incredible as it may seem, is nevertheless true. I consent to any kind of contradiction if it can be proved that I have received any offer for these two millions of dead value in my hands. I have found it difficult myself to comprehend this phenomenon of a sale attempted for ten whole years, at great loss to myself, with great advantages for the purchasers, and yet not a single capitalist to be tempted by those advantages. At length I account for it, and in the following ways:

"These purchasers, in fact, can only be found among capitalists who wish me well, or among those who are hostile and greedy, on the watch for dilapidated fortunes, the fragments of which they would like to get hold of for nothing.

"If friendly capitalists, they do not desire at any price to buy my grounds and dwellings.

"If, on the contrary, they are hostile and greedy capitalists, they will still less be inclined to come forward to purchase my estates on a friendly agreement. They will wait with the unwearied patience of speculation for the hour of a forced sale, an auction by legal decree, in the hope of getting these grounds, worth millions, for a handful of paper.

"Enclosed, then, in this dilemma—the benevolence or malevolence of purchasers—I remain transfixed to the earth as the instrument of my torture, nor will my friends or enemies consent to free me from this brilliant but fatal burthen.

"Do not accuse me, then, of not being willing to sell. If you do not believe me, try and make me an offer, and accuse me before public opinion if I refuse it."

M. de Lamartine thus concludes: "It has been affirmed that I am about to abandon my property to my creditors and to leave France. Far from me be such a thought. I work, and I mean to work. I do not despair; active patience will, in the end, overcome misfortune; and the saddest day has its morrow."

RUSSIA.

Some interesting statements respecting the progress of emancipation in Russia will be found in another column.

POLITICS.

The Washington *States* warns the Democratic members of Congress from the South that the appearance of the political horizon portends a "squall." It says:

"From the signs of the times, our Southern friends in Congress have a prospect before them of rough weather and stormy seas in the approaching spring and summer campaign. An eye to the leeward as well as windward would not be amiss and may not prove precaution lost. Political hunger never stalked so broadcast over the land; statesmen in quest of place; starvelings, who have been tied to the rack for these many years without the smell of fodder; restless spirits, anxious for revolution and change, are on the war-path in search of prey. Again we say, let our Southern friends be on the lookout."

One of the ablest political anti-slavery journals in the whole country is the *Machias* (Me.) *Republican*. The editor don't like the movements now in progress for ignoring anti-slavery principles in order to secure the support of the fag-end of the Know-Nothing organization in 1860. He is for adhering firmly to all of anti-slavery that has been incorporated in the Republican platform, and for stiffening the back of the party so that it will demand still more. Here is a part of what it says:

"We say, with regard to turning out '*the self-styled National Democracy*,' as Dr. Johnson did to the man who pleaded for pursuing a dishonest calling—'*I must live*,' '*We do not see the least necessity for that.*' Whether or not the National Democratic party ought to be turned out depends altogether upon the character of the party by whom it is to be succeeded. If the same or equally flagitious legislation is to take place under the new administration, as under the old, what is the benefit of the change? Unless the Republican party can take office with freedom to carry out its principles and apply its policy to the administration of the government, let it remain out of office. It has some power as a minority opposition; it would have none as an administration having obtained place by swearing to abstain from its own policy. While the pro-slavery policy is maintained, by all means let it not be one interesting only to the officials drawing salaries under the new regime, but one significant of a great political reaction in the country, one at which humanity, philanthropy and patriotism can rejoice."

"It is certainly one point gained that the people who dislike the Republican name, the Republican ideas, and the Republican men, are outside of our organization. If they were in it, it would of course become our first duty to get them out. But if we are asked, is it not desirable to unite the opposition to the Democratic party? Yes, the *opposition*. But men who hate the ideas and name of Republicanism look to us more like the *opposition* to the Republican party than to the Democratic. If they have a quarrel with the latter, it is upon trivial grounds, and may be reconciled, but with us the controversy is radical and permanent. If we simply want the national offices, we may dicker with these people or with the filibusters or fire-eaters of the Democratic party. But if we want the power to use in controlling the policy of government and the administration of the laws, then such an alliance would be not only monstrous in itself, but fatal to the accomplishment of our purposes.

"We have mistaken the temper of the Republican party if they are just now disposed to ratify these arrangements. We know the Yankee proclivity for *selling* things, from wooden cucumber seeds up to patent rights. But the jockeys and speculators, after all, form but a small fraction of Northern communities. This attempt to sell out the principles of a great political party, though it may earn for us a fresh derision at the '*low flung Abolitionists*,' will incontinently fall through, for want of a power to make good the title to the thing sold. Republicanism will never consent to be administered upon by a self-constituted executor, who fancies it dead. The promising speculation of taking down the old homestead, where we were born, and selling it out for canes and snuffboxes, will proceed no longer than during the temporary absence of the tenants."

ADMONITORY.

SCHUYLKILL, Chester Co., Pa., Dec. 24th, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THERE seems to be a general impression abroad among Americans that we are the people, and wisdom will die with us, an impression from which some of the Abolitionists, even, suffer, and which affords an inexhaustible fund of amusement to intelligent foreigners who come among us. This feeling, on the part of our visitors, is all the greater inasmuch as, from the very nature of the case, they are obliged to confine it entirely to themselves.

The diseased approbativeness which is, unfortunately, so universally fostered by republican institutions renders it extremely difficult for Abolitionists to be true to themselves and the grand cause which they have espoused. So solicitous are we on the one hand for praise, and on the other to make ourselves agreeable by administering it, that Abolitionists, even, occasionally eulogize men who have never had the manhood to say a single brave word for the anti-slavery cause, and whose complicity in that "grand conspiracy against freedom" into which the Federal Government has entered with the American Church should subject them only to exposure and denunciation. All this shows how little we have really gained in the battle we are carrying on against slavery.

Take, for instance, the case of a Philadelphia clergyman, who was not long since honorably mentioned in THE STANDARD as an anti-slavery man. I find in a small volume entitled "The Anniversary Speaker," issued by him during the present year, and containing the usual variety of pieces on such moral questions as temperance, etc.—I find, I say, in this volume, in a "Fourth of July Address," such expressions as these: "Throughout the length and breadth of our glorious country, the proud hurrah and the loudly booming cannon are heard"; "the star-spangled banner—the flag of the free—is proudly unfurled"; "kings and kingdoms are on the wane, and ere long, their subjects, in all the force of moral power and outraged manhood, will rise in their resistless might, and cast their chains away." The author proceeds, at some length, in this strain, happily denominated "the spread-eagle style," and concludes by recommending juvenile patriots to sing "Hail Columbia!"

I think it is perfectly safe to say that a man who could, under existing circumstances, write in this manner has not a particle of anti-slavery in his composition, especially in view of the fact that, while entirely ignoring the slavery question, he devotes nine or ten pages to an exposure of the delusion of spiritualism, to which work he has, I understand, recently consecrated two entire sermons, on two consecutive Sundays. We shall have to wait a long time before a man of his character will preach two consecutive sermons in favor of the purification of his Church from what its founder termed "the *sum* of all villanies." There are a great many of the clergy who would be quite willing that our anti-slavery journals, highly respectable as they are, should eulogize them, *provided* they were not represented as *effectively* anti-slavery, an imputation which they would at once resent—the kind of men who have their portraits engraved, at their own private expense (if they cannot get it done otherwise), for "The Religious Offering," or even for that secular and consequently profane publication, "The Lady's Book," and whose abolitionism I will, for the want of a better term, denominate "pinchbeck anti-slavery." These men no more dare to say their souls are their own than does that distinguished personage whom *The Ledger* affectionately denominates "the head of the nation," probably so called because he does so little of its thinking.

For one, it seems to me that we ought long ago to have discovered that these people, whether priests or politicians, are not to be *wheedled* into anti-slavery. If they are naturally attracted to our cause, they will labor with us as they have strength to do so; if they are not, it is absurd to look for aid from them while we are struggling against a thoroughly debauched public sentiment, which they have not only assisted in debauching, but are continuing to debauch still further. We shall hear no single generous word from them until, through our own thankless labors and sacrifices, we have wrought an entire change in popular feeling, when they will, of course, be quite ready to take the credit of the work to themselves, attributing the result to their own wise conservatism and philosophic foresight. There will always be, here and there, an Aaron or a Tyng, but "the brethren" will give them the cold shoulder in precise proportion to their faithfulness. We may as well, at once, give up all hope of being popular and agreeable, and confine ourselves to the work of keeping up the central action, leaving the outside circles to take care of themselves.

Many Abolitionists are settling down quite comfortably in the conviction that our work is well-nigh done. But one of the most sterling and faithful of our anti-slavery women, one who has always been as true to the cause as steel to the pole, told me, in a conversation last summer, that, even in her own neighborhood (probably the most thoroughly anti-slavery region in Pennsylvania), she had herself quite outraged the feelings of some professedly anti-slavery people by inviting several of her colored friends to an evening party.

There is undoubtedly less difference between the Abolitionists and the rest of the pro-slavery communities in which they live than there was ten years ago, but this result is owing quite as much to the fact that the former have yielded to popular prejudice against the cause, and sacrificed, to a greater or less extent, some of their more radical testimonies, as to the change, on the part of the people, for the better.

H. W. C.

PERSONAL.

The Washington correspondent of *The Times* says that President Buchanan has determined to make a tour through North Carolina next summer, and to attend the Commencement at Chapel Hill College.

The friends and admirers of the late Robert Owen met at the Stuyvesant Institute on Monday evening, when Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose pronounced an eloquent eulogy of the deceased reformer, giving a sketch of his eventful life from childhood to old age, and showing with what unselfish zeal he engaged in plans which he thought adapted to promote the highest welfare of the human family.

Rev. Charles G. Finney, President of Oberlin College, has gone to England to preach during the winter. He has long professed to be an anti-slavery man, but *Revivalism* is his hobby, and when mounted upon that, he always forgets the slave. Pro-slavery men and even leaders of the slave Democracy have often gone through the process of "conversion" under his preaching, and been taken into Churches, without hearing from him any intimation of the incompatibility of slavery with Christianity. The anti-slavery cause has nothing to hope but much to fear from his influence in England.

The negro tragedian, Ira Aldridge, is making a great sensation in St. Petersburg, where his complexion is no bar to the honors due to a great artist. The correspondent of *Le Nord* says, under date Nov. 14:

"The black tragedian, Ira Aldridge, made his debut last evening at the Théâtre du Cirque, in Othello. Although it was opera night, the Cirque was jammed. The two first acts were, for the house, acts of expectation. But from the scene in which Othello feels the first pangs of jealousy, and exclaims,

Ah, misery! ah, misery!

the actor stirred the public to enthusiasm. These words were pronounced by him in a wonderfully indescribable way, so much was there in his voice of despair, of love, and of the deepest agony. What more can I say? The talent of Ira Aldridge is well known. The richness of his intonations, the concentrated and savage fury which appears in rare and irrepressible bursts, without wasting itself in continual shrieks, the passionateness and, at the same time, the moderation of his manner, all these qualities have achieved for him unlimited renown."

Mrs. Begg, the youngest sister of Robert Burns, the poet, and the sole surviving child of that family circle of which he was the eldest brother, died quite unexpectedly at her cottage, near Ayr, on the 14th inst., at 8 1-2 o'clock a. m. Isabella Burns, or, as she was more familiarly known, Mrs. Begg, was born at Mount Oliphant, near Ayr, on the 29th of June, 1771, and had she lived till her next birthday, would have completed her 88th year. She was the seventh child and third daughter of William Burns and Agnes Brown, the members of whose family we may mention in the order of their age: Robert, Gilbert, Agnes, Annabella, William, John and Isabella. About the year 1794 or 1795 she was married at Mossgiel, Mauchline, to John Begg, who was accidentally killed at Lesmahegow in 1813, and whom she thus survived for the long period of 45 years.

The Century—the new weekly journal whose prospectus we lately noticed—made its appearance on Saturday last. It is a sheet of the largest size, printed in quarto form, and filled with matter creditable to the taste and judgment of the editors. Its views of the slavery question are those held by the most advanced portion of the Republican party. The publisher is Thomas M'Elrath, Esq., formerly of *The Tribune*. The editorship is impersonal, but we believe our old anti-slavery friend, Mr. James S. Gibbons, is at the head of the staff.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY-SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

THE PASSMORE WILLIAMSON CASE.—Our readers will remember that Mr. Williamson instituted a suit against Judge Lewis, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, for his refusal to issue a writ of *habeas corpus* for his relief at the time of his imprisonment by Judge Kane. The case was tried at *Nisi Prius*, the other day, before Chief-Justice Lowry, who, after hearing the plaintiff's evidence, directed a non-suit, "on the ground," says *The Press*, "that the *habeas corpus* act did not apply to cases of commitments in execution of final judgments after trial, but only to warrants of arrest issued *before* trial." *The Press* intimates that Mr. Williamson will take the case to a higher court.

AN EVIL-DOER TO BE REWARDED.—It is said that L. D. Boynton, the scoundrel who decoyed a fugitive slave into the hands of kidnappers by sending his son to tell him that he was wanted to dig potatoes on his farm, and who afterwards served on the Grand Jury that indicted the rescuers of the fugitive, has been nominated by President Buchanan for Postmaster of Oberlin. Thus, while those who depart from evil make themselves a prey to persecution under the forms of law, the workers of iniquity are the chosen recipients of governmental patronage. How deep is the degradation of the country when the Executive thus rewards the perpetrator of an act so utterly mean and infamous!

AN ADMIRABLE LIKENESS.—Mr. A. Fletcher, a Daguerreau artist of Salem, Ohio, has sent us a photographic likeness of MARIUS R. ROBINSON, editor of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, which does credit to his professional skill. Indeed we have seldom seen a better photograph, even from the galleries of the best artists in New York. We are glad to possess so faithful a likeness of one whose fidelity to the anti-slavery cause and abundant labors therein have endeared him to its friends.

Summary.

The colored students who were refused admission to the Berkshire Medical College, a few months ago, were received at Yale College, where they are pursuing their studies.

The father of the Jewish child Mortara is about to settle in France. A letter from Rome in the *Gazette de Liege* states that the Sacred College at Rome has resolved to prevent the recurrence of any case similar to that of Mortara in future, by directing that Christians shall not in future be allowed to enter the service of Jews.

A rich joke was told at the expense of ex-Senator Foote, who has recently adopted a clever disguise, i. e., dying his beard and wearing a black wig. Arriving at his old stamping ground, Jackson, Miss., the other day, he was rejected as an impostor, by the Democracy, who knew Foote by his silvery beard and bald cranium.

The Washington *Union* announces that more stringent measures will hereafter be taken to prevent the use of borrowed franks to cover private correspondence. It says: "Many persons in Washington, whose business connections are at a distance, are in the habit of procuring from persons entitled to the franking privilege regular supplies of franked envelopes, under which their whole correspondence is conducted."

A FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—*Boston, Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1858.*—The brig W. Purrington, which arrived below yesterday, was visited by Deputy-Sheriff Irish, with a writ of habeas corpus for the person of a slave, alleged to be on board, who had secreted himself before the vessel left Wilmington, N. C., and whom the captain was unable to carry back on account of head winds. However, the fugitive was not on board, the captain alleging that he had escaped on the night of the 26th, having swam to shore, as he supposed.

The Public Library in Boston was reopened Dec. 20. It has 70,851 volumes of books, and 17,983 pamphlets. Of these, Mr. Bates, the greatest benefactor, has presented 24,618 volumes during the past three years, being more than one-third the entire number of volumes. The accessions from all sources during the last year have amounted to 15,163 volumes and 1,865 pamphlets. It is estimated that the regular annual increase cannot fall short of five or six thousand volumes from the income of the permanent funds of the library.

A Florence correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser* writes of Ex-President Pierce that, while in Florence, he happened to be lodged in the hotel demanded for the old King Frederick William, when the order came to vacate it. The ecstatic landlord made haste to acquaint his guests of the honor intended him, hinting alike to one and all the necessity of seeking other quarters, which hint was differently received by different temperaments, but by no one so amiably as by the Ex-President, who conceded in the blandest manner the right of an ex-King to turn him, a Democratic ex-President, out of doors.

Forefathers' Day was celebrated in Massachusetts with great enthusiasm. At Plymouth, the public exercises differed from the customary usage; Mr. Everett's Oration on Washington being substituted for the ceremonies which have hitherto taken place. The Oration was delivered in Davis's Hall, before a very large audience, and was prefaced by a few remarks from Mr. Everett, suitable to the occasion. The "Standish Guards" turned out on parade. In Boston, the day was celebrated by the Massachusetts Historical Society. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop made an address, and sundry historical incidents were narrated by different gentlemen.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—A meeting of the Chinese sugar cane growers of Winnebago County, Illinois, was held at Rockford on the 5th ult., when a large number of samples of sugar and syrup were offered, comprising a variety of grades, some of which were reported as very fine. Two hundred gallons of molasses to the acre of cane was mentioned as a fair crop. The cane has been extensively cultivated in Illinois the past season, and, from facts at hand, it is shown that "syrup and sugar are destined to become as staple articles of production of this State as wheat."

MRS. DOUGLAS ON THE LATE CANVASS.—A correspondent of the Vincennes *Sun*, speaking of the pleasant domestic qualities of Mrs. Douglas, relates that, at the Chicago celebration, Mrs. Douglas was asked how she stood the canvass. "Very well," said she, "but I must go and get my husband some clothes—he has come out of the battle half-naked. I got him two dozen shirts last spring, and two or three sets of studs—he lost all his shirts but two, and one that don't belong to him—and all the studs but four, which belong to four different sets, and besides he hasn't any of the other clothes that he started out with." His old white hat, however, rode out the storm, dilapidated, but safe.

STATE CONVENTION OF THE U. G. R. R.—The State Central Committee of the U. G. R. R. have issued a call for a Convention of that Society at Columbus, on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 5th and 6th, 1859. All Anti-Slavery Societies in Ohio are requested to send in their delegates; and each delegate is also requested to bring in reports in relation to the amount of business done by said Societies; the amount of business carried on by colored persons; the value of property owned by them in their respective districts; the amount of stock invested, and aggregate of cash capital in each treasury of said Societies, and the State of the U. G. R. R. revenue in general.

The London *Critic* has a complimentary article on the *Atlantic Monthly*, in the course of which it remarks:

"To speak the truth, our Transatlantic cousins are running us hard in the matter of Magazines, and bid fair soon to beat us in them as completely as they have done in chess playing, yachting and trotting horses. Difficult would it be for us, even now, to prove that we have a better magazine than the *Atlantic Monthly*, nor is it so much to be wondered at when we know that some of the best men in America—Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Prescott, Read and Lowell—are engaged in filling its pages."

HIGH TONED LITERATURE.—The establishment and consequent success of the *Atlantic Monthly* has had a marked effect upon the literature of America. Its improvement in many respects cannot but be noticed by every reader. The taste of the people has been elevated, and trash is now estimated at its proper worth. Our newspaper tales, instead of being vapid inanities, are now written with and for a purpose, and in the great prevalence of pure English, of styles void of affectation, and of orthoepical correctors, one sees the beneficial results arising from the high tone in magazine literature the *Atlantic* evinced in its first issue, and has ever since maintained. We are of those who rejoice that the day has gone by for trashy novelettes and pointless stories, and that a more elevated taste is gradually growing among the people.—*Boston Gazette.*

RESISTING OFFICERS.—In Huntsville, Ala., last week, J. Q. Carter was arrested on a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania, and handed over to three Philadelphia policemen. Several friends of Carter's, hearing of his arrest, went to the Sheriff's office, heavily armed, and taking him from the officers, rode by with him. There were about two hundred citizens present, who seemed to have sided with the prisoner, as such threats were made against the Philadelphia officers as induced them to take shelter in the house of a citizen until they could get off on the cars. The citizens countenanced the arrest on the ground that Northern States would not allow similar process to be executed there on the requisition of Southern Governors, as in case of fugitive slaves.

THE SHOE BUSINESS.—The quantity of boots and shoes required for the United States is not far from 75 000,000 pairs per annum. Of these 12,000,000 pairs are made in Massachusetts, at a value of $40,000 000 per annum, and they employ 45,000 men and 32,826 women. One half of this employment is in Lynn, which is the largest shop in the United States. The next is in Philadelphia, which makes $4,000,000 per annum, mostly fine, while that of Lynn is coarse work. The production is great in every city, town and hamlet of the Union, and the whole value is not less than $80,000,000 per annum. In Philadelphia there are 457 manufacturers, whose sales amount to $4,141,000, and Philadelphia sells perhaps $10,000,000 worth of eastern work in addition.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE HAYTIENS IN PARIS.—Faubert, a young man of color from Hayti, obtained the highest prize—the prize of honor—at the concourse of all the colleges in France, held at Paris. On the reception of this news, the Emperor immediately sent him one hundred and fifty handsomely bound volumes. A company of National Guards were despatched to wait upon him with a band of music, and he was invited to dine, and did dine, with the Minister of Public Instruction, occupying a place between his lady and Prince Napoleon.

Besides this young man, two other young Haytiens took prizes. In a country like France, of the highest culture, where the course of study is severe, and where honor is everything, and the contest for it very great, this achievement does credit to the Haytiens.

NEGRO SALES IN GEORGIA.—There was a Trustee's sale of 20 negroes at Fayetteville, on the 11th inst., at which extraordinarily high prices were obtained. The sale was for cash, and the 20 negroes brought $20,010 50. *The Fayetteville Observer* gives the prices obtained, as follows: Jane, aged 24, $990; Lizzie, aged 30, $931; Flora, aged 13, $948; Reuben, aged 7, $603 50; Henry, aged 4, $551 50; William, aged 13, $1,195; George, aged 11, $1 140; Andy, aged 9, $905; Charley, aged 12, $1,555; Dick, aged 15, $1,315; Anderson, aged 13, $1,199; Aiena, aged 30, $815; Catherine, aged 11, $926; Clara, aged 9, $800; Frank, aged 4, $415; Tenah, aged 10, $705 50; Anthony, aged 27, $1,099; Davy, aged 21, $1,285; Bill, aged 24, $1,305; Jim, aged 26, $1,327.

At the sale of the negroes of the Balthrope estate, Cheatham County, the following prices were obtained: Boy 19 years of age, $1,500; Jule and two children, twins, 4 years old, $1,700; Lem, 14 years, $906; Sol, 15 years, $1,615; Will, 27 years, $1,400; Jack, 35 years, $1,400; Maudy, 8 years, $600; Sam, 5 years, $880.

HAULED OFF.—The Dayton (Ohio) *Empire* relates a story of a young lady, who had been receiving the addresses of a rich farmer's son, near Dayton. The "parient" was opposed to the match, and, after the wedding was come, and the guests assembled, prevailed on his son to "back out," writing the following letter of explanation:

to widder M——

yon kin merra your party deter to sum of the fellers as is aliers runnin after her my john hea concluded to haul of he wont be thar so go on with your rat killen,

no more furever john S—— sen

Another lover who was present offered to take John's place; and the lady, with great promptness and propriety, consented. A license was quickly procured, and the suddenly accepted stood up and were married.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL DEBATES.—The House of Representatives on Thursday, adopted, by a vote of 73 to 55, a resolution directing a special committee

"To consider and report on the expediency of removing the present desks from the Hall, and making such arrangements in the seats of members as will bring them together in a smaller space, for the purpose of further facility of hearing and more orderly debates."

There is not much probability that such a measure will be adopted, for the present arrangement of the seats and desks is too conducive to the personal comfort of members to be readily abandoned from any consideration of the public interest. But no one who has paid any special attention to the subject, and compared our debates with those of other countries, and of England especially, can doubt that great good would result from the change proposed.—*Times.*

FILIBUSTER SOCIETY.—An association called the Mexican and Central American Colonization Association is said to be widely ramified throughout the country, comprising already two thousand names, including many persons of influence and wealth. Their proceedings are enveloped in mystery. It is reported that Col. Henningsen has been selected to carry out the operations of the association, or, at least, that an offer to that effect had been made to him.

We think there can be little doubt of the existence of such an organization, and that its headquarters are in the city of New York. The best received idea is that its chiefs have an understanding with the present Liberal party in Mexico, and are acting in concert with it. The trip of the Hon. Mike Walsh to Mexico last spring is associated with this enterprise. The operations of the association are managed with great adroitness and secresy, as is evidenced by its unknown existence for so many months.—*Wash. States.*

AN INTELLIGENT GOAT.—The New Orleans *True Delta* gives the following account of a child adopted and suckled by a goat, after the example of Romulus and Remus:

Up in the Fourth District, New Orleans, lives a man, his infant child, and a matronly, well-behaved nanny goat. The nanny is the hairy foster-mother of the infant, which the fever, some time since, robbed of its parent proper, and she entirely appreciates the peculiar duties which have devolved upon her. When she hears the hungry cry of her helpless little human charge, she is by its side in an instant, placing her teats at the service of its thirsty lips. Frequently the quick ears of the quadrupedal wet-nurse hear the child's cry when she is browsing in the street at some distance from the house, and, leaving her own repast, she darts hastily off to supply the wants of the "motherless bairn," dependent upon her, as Romulus and Remus were of old upon the dugs of their wolfish protectress. We believe we have told a tolerable strange story above—but truth is stranger than fiction.

SPURGEON COMING.—Private letters lately received from the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the famous Baptist preacher, encourage the expectation that the writer will be in New York during the religious anniversaries in May next. It is certain that a number of eminent Baptists have been very urgent in holding out inducements for that remarkable personage to visit the United States; but it would seem that their overtures met with but little encouragement, until a hint was thrown out that $10,000 might be raised for him here, to help build his new church in London. The knowledge of this fact contributed materially to cool the enthusiasm of many of Mr. Spurgeon's friends; but, nevertheless, if he should condescend to visit Gotham in May next, he will be the great gun of "Holy Week," and it would not be surprising if the Academy of Music should be hired for him to preach in.

The London papers announce the death of Miss Susannah Thrale. She was the third daughter of Thrale the brewer, at whose hospitable house (Streatham) Dr. Johnson spent so much of his time and Boswell took so many of his notes. Thrale was a man of large wealth and liberal tastes, and his name has become associated with that circle of eminent literary men who were wont to assemble at his table, including Burke, Garrick, Reynolds, &c. Mrs. Thrale is a prominent person in all the biographies of Dr. Johnson, and contributed much valuable material toward them. She married a second husband, Gabriel Piozzi, and thereby lost the Doctor's esteem and affection. Miss Susannah Thrale was one of "the five girls remaining," whom the Doctor wrote about to Boswell, from Streatham, in 1774. She was one of those in whom he took such infinite pleasure and interest there, and one of those he thought of in that prayer which he offered up when her mother's inattention made the old man leave the house at Streatham forever. Miss Susannah Thrale expired in her 90th year—the last survivor of that once genial and celebrated circle.—*Albany Journal.*

GYMNASIUM AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—We are gratified to learn that a gentleman of this city has given the sum of $8,000 to the Corporation of Harvard college, for the purpose of erecting and furnishing upon the College grounds a suitable gymnasium for the exercise of the students. The generous donor of this wise and practical gift insists upon remaining anonymous, and his name is known to nobody except the gentleman through whom his bounty was transmitted to the treasurer. The sum is sufficient to erect a suitable building, supply it with ample apparatus, and leave a surplus for future use. As soon as the frost is out of the ground in the spring, the foundations will be laid. It is a subject of congratulation that so important a deficiency in the means for training the youth who gather at Cambridge is now to be supplied. Libraries, museums and philosophical instruments are very well; but while there was no apparatus to aid in the physical development of the bodily powers of the students, there was, indeed, a grave want in the resources of the college. The thanks of all friends of sound learning are due, not only to the unknown donor, through whose timely munificence the want has now been supplied, but also to Professor Huntington, to whose intelligent perception of the requirements of the case must be attributed the successful accomplishment of a most desirable object.—*Boston Advertiser, 10th ult.*

HOW NOT TO DO IT.—*The N. Y. Herald* publishes a letter dated on board the United States ship Cumberland, off St. Paul de Loando, which well illustrates how completely our naval officers on the African coast, acting, doubtless, under instructions from the Navy Department, contrive to nullify the Webster-Ashburton treaty, which requires us to keep a squadron of seventy guns on the coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade. In the first place, instead of sending a number of light cruisers or steamers adapted to the service, and armed with two or three guns each, we send the frigate Cumberland, which draws too much water to get near the coast, and which herself supplies fifty or sixty guns of the seventy required. In the next place, this vessel, out fifteen months, at the date of the letter, during which she had been nominally stationed on the African coast, had passed in fact but twenty-two days on the usual cruising-ground for slavers, and thirteen of these twenty-two days she was at anchor. Three months of the fifteen have been passed at the pleasant Island of Madeira, to recruit the health of the crew after their fearful exposure on the African coast, and eight months more at the Cape Verds, making a continuous absence from the African coast of eleven months. The capture of the Cortez during the short period she remained shows what she might have done had she stuck to her business. She got back, it seems, to the Congo River just in time to let the Wanderer escape. Still, Mr. Cass and Mr. Buchanan have the impudence to pretend that they are as much in favor of the suppression of the slave trade as anybody.

THE VIRGINIA FUGITIVES ON FREE SOIL.—The following brief note from the Painesville *Telegraph* tells its own story. The Virginians who claimed to own the ten "human chattels" referred to offered $3,500 reward for their arrest; and although the handbills were sent to officers in this quarter, the most keen scented of the U. S. Marshal's deputies failed to get a dollar of the liberal price for men and women's flesh and blood:

Ten more "Things" changed into Men.—Some three or four weeks since the press gave account of the escape of ten slaves from Virginia, in one company; their pursuit by a larger number of slaveholders; how they were overtaken, and a fierce battle, in one of the southern counties of Pennsylvania, the fugitives gloriously triumphant—one of the noble fellows heroically throwing himself before his old master, just at the moment a comrade was to deal the blow of death—with other intensely interesting particulars, all showing how well the brave fellows were "fitted for freedom." Since, there have been many inquiries as to the final fortune of these fugitives—and you will undoubtedly, Mr. Editor, be the bearer of earnestly desired intelligence to hundreds of your readers, when you tell them that all of the ten, last Sunday morning, planted their weary feet upon the free soil of Canada—a land where man's rights are not graded by the hue of their skin. That Sabbath was indeed a day of REST to these hunted Fugitives.

Painesville, Ohio, Dec. 1, 1858. JOHN R. FRENCH.

A BILL TO ABOLISH SLAVERY IN NEBRASKA was introduced at the session of the Territorial Legislature which has just concluded. What disposition was made of it we are not informed. We have before us, however, the report of the minority of the Committee to which it was referred. The report recommends the indefinite postponement of the bill on the ground that such legislation is unnecessary. "Slavery," says the report, "does not exist in this Territory in any practicable form, and cannot so exist without affirmative legislation, recognizing the right of property in slaves, and regulating the mode of protecting and controlling them, and of enforcing that right. The abstract right under the Constitution, which is claimed by some, is in fact only an inchoate right, which can have no practicable importance in the absence of local police regulation upon that subject." The authors of the report think that by leaving the subject strenuously alone, "Nebraska will grow old in her career of glory, and the word slavery, either for negative or positive purposes, will never disgrace the fair pages of her statute book."

A commentary on these pleasant anticipations is afforded by a handbill issued on the 26th ult. by Mr. S. F. Nuckollis of Nebraska City, of which we have been favored with a copy. Mr. Nuckollis offers to pay two hundred dollars reward for the return "of my two negro women, who were enticed away from my house on the night of Nov. 25." He seems to stand fast on the Dred Scott decision, and evidently entertains no doubt of the validity of his claim to the ownership of the two women, notwithstanding the legislative report from which we have quoted. Still, we should not suppose slaves would be so safe a kind of property in Nebraska as in some other parts of the country.—*Tribune.*

SCANDALOUS USE OF THE WASHINGTON JAIL.—The following advertisement, appeared in *The Star* recently:

"By A. Green, Auctioneer.

"ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—I will, in pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court for the District of Columbia, sell at public auction, on Friday next, Nov. 19, at 12 o'clock, m., in front of the jail, to the highest bidder, for cash, viz.:

"One negro woman and three children, one negro woman and three likely boys from 14 to 19 years of age.

"ABSALOM A. HALL,
"Administrator of Jacob Hall."

We neglected to attend the sale, but we have witnessed enough of such scenes to satisfy us that the exposure of two mothers and their offspring upon the auction-block must have afforded rare fun to the traffickers in human flesh. The anguish of the heart-broken mother at the thought of separation from her little ones, the vague terrors of the children, and the inforced silence of the aggrieved but indignant father, was a spectacle to put fiends in a good humor.

But we quote the advertisement, in order to draw attention to the use which is made of the Washington jail. This jail is built by the United States Government. The money which it cost came, for the most part, out of the pockets of the people of the North, who have abolished or excluded slavery from their territories, and who wish, as far as practicable, to wash their hands of it. But even if the case were otherwise, and supposing that all the States of the Union were slaveholding, what right have private individuals to use the common jail as a warehouse for their human merchandise! A mule-driver would not be permitted to stable his mules in the Federal jail; a wheat-grower would not be permitted to make a barn of it; then, where does the slaveholder get his authority for using it as a slave-pen? Is property in slaves so much more sacred than property in mules, or property in wheat, that it should be entitled to this extraordinary privilege?—*National Era.*

FUGITIVE SLAVE EXCITEMENT IN WESTERN IOWA.—Nebraska being a mere Territory, the Constitution of the United States, according to the Dred Scott decision, authorizes the holding of slaves therein. On the strength of this, a Mr. Nuckollis, a Missouri slaveholder, removed into that Territory with a number of "chattels," and established himself at Omaha, which is on the opposite shore of the Missouri River from Iowa. These "chattels," finding the land of Freedom so near by, crossed the river one day into Iowa, which, so the world knows and as its progress proves, is a very good Free State. At last accounts, Mr. Nuckollis had not heard of his escaped "niggers," but was awfully excited, as also were some seventy-five others of nigger-driving propensities at Omaha, who threatened to cross over into Iowa and take summary vengeance upon the Free-Soilers of Tabor, a Yankee town on the other side, whose people are charged with having coaxed off the "niggers," and with harboring them. There is a great excitement both in Eastern Nebraska and in Western Iowa in consequence of these liberty-seeking "niggers," and Mr. Nuckollis is tremendously furious. Look out for "wars and rumors of wars."—*Chicago Journal, 21st ult.*

Later.—The following from *The Omaha News* of the 16th ult. is the latest, on this subject, that has reached us. We need not say that *The News* is an organ of the National Democracy:

The Excitement Continues—The Fugitives heard from—Swamped in an Abolition Hole.—The escaped servants belonging to Mr. Nuckollis, of whom we referred in our last issue, have been heard from. They are known to have been enticed away, as we suggested in our last issue, by a white-livered Abolitionist, and have been concealed among their Abolition friends in the little Abolition hole of Civil Bend, about eight miles from Nebraska City, on the Iowa side. A skiff was borrowed and they were taken across the river the evening of their escape, one week ago last Thursday night. Several men have kept vigilant watch during the week; but, by considerable management and skill in changing their quarters, they have thus far eluded discovery. Yesterday morning a man came to the river and halloed across that the fugitives, under an escort of thirty armed men, had been transported to Tabor, another Abolition hole a few miles distant. About seventy-five men went across yesterday, determined to get the negroes. Up to the time of writing, the party have not returned.

Nebraska City to be Sacked.—We learn that the Abolitionists of Tabor have passed a resolution declaring their intention, as soon as the river will do to cross, to come over and sack Nebraska City. We suggest that the river will now do to cross, and that they had better come over and try it.

"Come on, ye cuffies all."

Special Notices.

☞ A meeting will be held at Clarkson Hall, Cherry street, above Sixth, on Tuesday evening, January 4th, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of forming a *Junior Anti-Slavery Society.*

All young men favorable to immediate emancipation, and desiring to make their influence felt in the great cause, are earnestly invited to attend.

J. G. THOMPSON, JOSHUA PIERCE,
CLEM. GRISCOM,
On behalf of others.

☞ WORCESTER COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS.—The Annual Meeting of the *Worcester County South Division Anti-Slavery Society* will be held in WORCESTER, at WASHBURN HALL, on Sunday, Jan. 9, 1859. Members of the Society are especially requested to be present, and a cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, PARKER PILLSBURY, STEPHEN S. FOSTER and other speakers are expected to attend.

EFFINGHAM L. CAPRON, *President.*

THE NEW MAGAZINE,
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, ART AND POLITICS.

The aim of the periodical will be,

FIRST: In Literature, to leave no province unrepresented, so that, while each number will contain articles of an abstract and permanent value, it will also be found that the healthy appetite of the mind for entertainment in its various forms of Narrative, Wit and Humor, will not go uncared for. The publishers wish to say, also, that while native writers will receive the most solid encouragement, and will be mainly relied on to fill the pages of the ATLANTIC, they will not hesitate to draw from the foreign sources at their command, as occasion may require, relying rather on the competency of an author to treat a particular subject, than on any other claim whatever. In this way they hope to make their Periodical welcome wherever the English language is spoken or read.

SECOND: In the term ART, it is intended to include the whole domain of æsthetics, and they hope gradually to make this critical department a true and fearless representative of Art, in all its various branches, without any regard to prejudice, whether personal or national, or to private considerations of what kind soever.

THIRD: In Politics, the ATLANTIC will be the organ of no party or clique, but will honestly endeavor to be the exponent of what its conductors believe to be the American Idea. It will deal frankly with persons and with parties, endeavoring always to keep in view that moral element which transcends all persons and parties, and which alone makes the basis of a true and lasting national prosperity. It will not rank itself with any sect of *anties*, but with that body of men which is in favor of Freedom, National Progress and Honor, whether public or private.

As an earnest of the material at their command, they subjoin the following list of literary persons interested in their enterprise; wishing, it, however, to be distinctly understood, that they shall hope for support from every kind of ability which desires the avenue of their columns, and in the remuneration of which they shall be guided purely by their sense of intrinsic merit:

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT,
RALPH WALDO EMERSON,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,
Rev. F. H. HEDGE, D. D.,
NATH'L HAWTHORNE,
JOHN G. WHITTIER,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
JAMES R. LOWELL,
J. LOTHROP MOTLEY,
GEO. WM. CURTIS,
HERMAN MELVILLE,
Prof. C. C. FELTON,
Prof. F. J. CHILD,
E. P. WHIPPLE,
EDMUND QUINCY,
  Author of "Wensley,"
J. T. TROWBRIDGE,
  Author of "Neighbor Jackwood," etc.;
C. W. PHILLEO,
  Author of "Twice Married";
Mrs. H. BEECHER STOWE,
THOS. W. PARSONS.
Mrs. GASKELL,
  Author of "Ruth," "Mary Barton," "North and South," etc.;
Mrs. L. MARIA CHILD,
Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND,
Mrs. PIKE,
  Author of "Ida May," "Caste," etc.;
Miss ROSE TERRY,
WILKIE COLLINS,
  Author of the "Dead Secret," etc.;
G. RUFFINI,
  Author of "Doctor Antonio," etc.;
SHIRLEY BROOKS,
  Author of "Aspen Court," etc.
E. M. WHITTY,
  Author of "Political Portrait," etc.;
JAMES HANNAY,
  Author of "Singleton Fontenoy."

TERMS.—Three Dollars a year, or Twenty-five Cents a Number, and may be obtained of Booksellers, Periodical Agents, or of the Publishers.

Anxious to extend the circulation of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, we hereby offer to each new subscriber who will send us his name, enclosing $4 00, on or before the first of January, to send him the paper and *The Atlantic Monthly* for one year.—*Ed. Standard.*

Miscellaneous Department.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: Will you kindly allow me to present to the readers of THE STANDARD to-day a page of biographical and historical value, on a subject of the most touching moral interest, in the translation, now commenced, of Madame d'Haussonville's article on Robert Emmet and his times. It has also a strong collateral interest of a judicial character, as an impartial French estimate of a difficult passage in English affairs of the eighteenth and nineteenth century; and is valuable to the political observer as a clear exhibition of the feelings that now work beneath the surface of things in France, seeking in vain any but a literary approximation to expression, through the suffocation of a despotic censorship. It is not easy to do justice to so charming a style, and to discrimination so just and accurate, and one can only do one's best. A love of freedom and a sympathy with its advocates, which is at once so cheering to the oppressed everywhere, and so full of rebuke to tyranny, does indeed afford the highest stimulus to one undertaking to convey it in another language from that of the gifted writer. The names of de Stäel and de Broglie, with which that of d'Haussonville is associated, distinguished as they have ever been in the annals of literature and liberty, have received yet another illustration from this sublimely felt, exactly thought and beautifully expressed article, which shines so clearly amid the darkness of Imperial despotism.

> "Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
> Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art."

Yours ever, for the cause,
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

ROBERT EMMET.

I want a hero: an uncommon want.—BYRON.

From the French of Madame d'Haussonville.

Who in France has heard of ROBERT EMMET? Perhaps some few readers may retain a vague recollection of his melancholy destiny. It is hardly fifty years since this young hero died on the scaffold, and men that knew him are still living. Ireland and America honor his memory as that of a martyr of Liberty. It is true that so short a life cannot occupy a great place in history; and yet, thanks to the poetry of THOMAS MOORE, and the touching pages of WASHINGTON IRVING, that episode of the troubles of Ireland in which figures ROBERT EMMET has become a sort of heroic and romantic legend. I have deemed that, even after the poetry of the Irishman and the romantic sketch of the American, a simple biography, without other merit than historical exactitude, might still excite interest. Poetry may not unfrequently fall short of the charm of truth; and human life, in its poignant reality, appears more romantic than romance and more tragic than tragedy.

Robert Emmet, the hero of this history, was born at Dublin, in 1780. His family, both an ancient and an honorable one, originated in the County of Cork, and belonged to that race of country gentlemen from which are habitually recruited the distinguished men of Great Britain. His father established himself, on his marriage, in Dublin in 1760; and had by his wife, Miss Elizabeth Temple, three sons, who were all three to play a distinguished part and leave an illustrious name in the annals of their country. The eldest, Temple Emmet, became an advocate at the Irish Bar in 1781, and during the seven years of his career (he died at thirty) rose to the highest rank as a lawyer and as an orator. "The brilliancy of his eloquence, the variety and depth of his knowledge in jurisprudence and theology were such," says Grattan, in his memoirs, "that none of the judges, lawyers or bishops of Ireland could have withstood him in discussion; and he left an unequalled reputation behind him at his death." With talents less brilliant, but with a mind no less remarkable than his elder brother, Thomas Addis Emmet completed his studies in Scotland at the University of Edinburgh. Sir James Mackintosh, the companion of his studies and the friend of his youth, often speaks of him with eulogy in his memoirs, and tells how warmly he exhorted him to make the law his profession. Thomas Addis Emmet followed [illegible] counsel, and studied law in [illegible] her as a politician than as [illegible] become known in Ireland. [illegible] three brothers, he whose character and tragic destiny were to excite, in more ways than one, the interest of posterity, was the young and unfortunate Robert Emmet.

If it be true, as has been said, that distinguished men are, above all, the sons of their mother, it would be curious to trace, in their peculiar turn of mind and character, that genuine influence which is often in so strange a contrast with the current of their lives. The father of Robert Emmet was an honorable man, of a mind simple and firm, but ordinary in its stamp. Some letters of his mother, published in the life of Thomas Addis Emmet, reveal a proud and delicate nature, a lively sensibility and a penetrating mind. Of her three children, Robert, born long after the others, after her youth was past and her elder sons had attained the age of manhood, was the one that most resembled her. Her love for this third son inspired her with especial anxiety in his behalf, which his progress rewarded beyond all hope. He early showed rare and brilliant faculties. A singular mixture of enthusiasm and sagacity, great power of attention, ardent and poetic imagination, joined to an exact and penetrating mind, fitted him alike for literary and scientific pursuits. He was distinguished also by unconquerable energy of will, united to great gentleness of temper. It is interesting to watch, in the infancy of these elect souls, the first tokens of their superiority; and Madden relates, in the life of Robert Emmet, a trait, puerile in appearance, but which reveals the strength of his will and the penetration of his mind. He early showed a passion for the exact sciences; mathematics and chemistry were, from the age of twelve, his favorite studies. After one of his experiments, he sought, in a book of algebra, the solution of a problem which the author confesses to have been extremely difficult. In his preoccupation of mind, he imprudently put his hand to his mouth, and poisoned himself with the corrosive sublimate which he had just been handling. The violence of the pain warned him of his danger and its cause. Fearing lest he should be forbidden to try these dangerous experiments, he sought assistance from no one; but, descending to his father's library, found, in a volume of the Encyclopedia, at the article Poison, that chalk scraped in water was a remedy in such a case. Recollecting then that he had seen some chalk in the coach-house, he went down into the court, broke open the door which was locked, found the chalk and made use of it, and then tranquilly sat down again to his problem. The next day, when he appeared at breakfast, his preceptor, Dr. Lewis, on seeing him looking so ill as hardly to be recognized, questioned him with much anxiety, and obtained from him a confession that he had passed the night in cruel suffering; but, profiting by the inability to sleep, he had continued to study the problem, and had solved it.

This Dr. Lewis, who had charge of the education of Robert Emmet, was a Protestant minister of enlightened mind and liberal opinions. He delighted in the cultivation of this richly endowed nature, and he, it is said, was the first who instilled into his young pupil the hatred of intolerance and spiritual despotism. After having successively attended the school of Samuel White, in Camden street (then celebrated for its mathematical studies), and the lectures of Trinity College, Robert Emmet entered, in 1796, the University of St. Colombo. This institution rises, at some distance from Dublin, on a hill, whence the eye takes in the distant view of the sea, the city and the mountains, and that bay that the Irish compare, in their patriotic pride, to the Bay of Naples. He pursued his education with great distinction, and obtained each year the prizes of various studies. They still show at St. Colombo the ruins of a circular temple above the dark rocks that the setting sun lights up with tints of rose. There it was, they say, that Robert Emmet used to seat himself upon a broken column, under the shadow of a beech tree, dwelling already in sad and ardent reverie upon the sufferings and wrongs of his country.

While his studious infancy was flowing on beneath the peaceful shades of St. Colombo, the storm was raging without, and the ever-renewed troubles of Ireland burst forth at length in a fearful insurrection. The rebellion of 1798, spreading over the whole country, was for one

the present plan here to retrace these memorable years; still, a few preliminary observations are indispensable for the understanding of the subject, in order to place before the reader a picture of events unknown or forgotten in our times.

It has been so often said that it is almost unnecessary to repeat it, that the English rule in Ireland was, for ages, one long tyranny, only the more odious in that it borrowed the forms of liberty. On one side the Catholic population, reduced to a state of slavery, subdued to a Draconian code, which deprived it not only of civil, but of the most indispensable human rights, and on the other a vain shadow of representative government; such, in the times of Robert Emmet, was the social and political state of that unhappy country. The Protestant Parliament of Catholic Ireland sat like a garrison in a conquered country. Composed of a House of Lords and a House of Commons, whose session had no fixed legal term, it was, in reality, only an assemblage of perpetual dictators, governing in the name of a foreign power, and free to oppose, at will, the people it was supposed to represent. But at the feeblest symptoms of opposition, the English government, by violence, when bribery was not preferred, made it instantly feel its dependent condition. Parliament, judiciary, executive, all was venal in Ireland; so that the Irish Protestant was no more free than his Catholic countryman. Equally subject to a foreign power from whom he hoped neither justice nor mercy, he bought the favor of his masters with the interests of his country. Tyrant at once and slave, he yielded himself into their hands as an instrument for the oppression of others. All this unexampled scaffolding of tyranny was crowned by a Viceroy who, scarcely ever living in Ireland, remained, for the most part, unknowing as unknown of the land he ruled. His office was a sinecure, at the disposition of the English minister for a political purpose, which not unfrequently served to repair the fortunes of some ruined nobleman.

It is difficult to understand how the narrow Irish sea could thus separate a free people and a people enslaved. The greatness of the English government, the wise equity of its laws, only made the unyielding hypocrisy of its conduct the more glaring. An English citizen, who would never have permitted a policeman to enter his house without legal warrant, could not have the face to treat a neighboring nation as he did his Indian possessions or his Colonies in the Ionian Isles; and the necessity of glossing over arbitrary power with a certain semblance of legal decorum did but render it more hateful still. The unceasing iniquity of this policy was for ages one of those anomalies so frequent in that land, of all others the most fertile in contrasts and inconsistencies. Thanks to its admirable constitution, the combined effect of time, chance and human wisdom, England has always had the privilege of attracting the attention of the world. An object of passionate admiration and of blind hatred by turns, this great, happy and singular nation may, with some appearance of truth, serve as a theme for the most opposite styles of declamation. In fact, the English are at times seen devoting themselves, with the most disinterested ardor, to the most noble causes; to the abolition of the slave trade, for example; and yet all is not untrue in the backneyed accusations excited against them by their egotistic policy towards foreign powers. Even in their most unbridled passion, there is a seriousness of conviction which commands respect, without inspiring confidence. More proud than high-minded, unskilled to conceal rather than sincere, more honest than magnanimous, more just than generous, their superb faith in the privileged greatness of their race makes at once their strength, their vice and their excuse. Among nations, even more than individuals, good and evil often flow from the same source.

Superior to them in ease, grace, fire, and a certain heroic vivacity, the Irish were for a long time as greatly calumniated as they were oppressed. The character of the vanquished has seldom been painted except by their conquerors. It is natural to judge hardly of the losing side; and Madam de Stäel has somewhere said, "nations merit their fate, be it what it may." The sentence seems a rigorous one, and not entirely just; for a man sometimes succeeds by his vices, just as he often makes shipwreck by his virtues. The unconquerable perseverance of the English, their resolution to attain their ends, by whatever means, may, perhaps, be a quality, but it can scarcely be called a virtue. The aimable disposition of the Irish, their confiding generosity, is not assuredly a vice; yet it has been very injurious to them in their struggle against a cruel and perfidious policy. Let it be told, to their honor, that this people never accepted their degrading humiliation; and their history is but a succession of efforts, ever renewed and ever failing, to shake off their yoke.

The long struggle of Ireland against England was at the bottom, however it may have been otherwise accounted, rather a war of nationality than a war of religion. Religion was the veil of political passion. It became on one side the standard of revolt, and on the other the flag of persecution. But in 1798, if the army of the rebellion was Catholic, most of the leaders were Protestants. In the North great numbers were Protestants even among the ranks of the people; and, singular to remark, the Catholics were not at the outset the most ardent in the war of independence. One would have said that their spirits, broken by servitude, refused themselves to hope. It is not therefore surprising that a spirit of hostility between the two nations has long survived Catholic emancipation. Even at this day, if you meet, in the green provinces of Ireland, a little red-cheeked peasant, with locks of sunny gold, he will say to you, with a proud and resolute air, "My father was a rebel!" It is to him as a title of nobility. And yet through prudence, or respect for the interest of their country, the historians of the rebellion preface their narrative with a certain declaration of "loyalty" towards England. In calling up the recollection of these still recent struggles, they dare not utter their whole thought. One feels that they are still walking upon hot ashes, over lava yet hardly cold.

At the close of the last century, the happy revolution in America brought fearful teachings from across the sea both to governments and people; but in Ireland it was the breath of Liberty, from across the channel, that agitated men's minds, inflamed their imaginations and awakened the sentiment of right. France, with that disinterested love of justice and humanity which is the eternal honor of the revolution of 1789, appeared then to the oppressed of the world as a delivering angel. There had always existed a certain sympathy between Ireland and France, which became stronger than ever at the dawning of the French Revolution. The public mind did, in fact, arouse itself simultaneously in the two countries. At Dublin and in all the sea-coast towns, the volunteers, armed for the public defence during the American war, transformed themselves into an extensive association, under the name of the United Irishmen. To demand their country's liberty of the tyrant stranger, not as slaves in supplication to their masters, but as men resolved to maintain it at the sword's point—to reunite all ranks of society under the banner of a nationality that no tyranny had ever borne down—such was the object of the United Irishmen. Faithful to the old maxim, "divide to reign," England had never ceased to foment faction and religious hatred, the better to establish her dominion; and, animated by the generous spirit of the French Revolution, the United Irishmen took for their flag mutual toleration, and forgetfulness, in the common interests, of all religious divisions.

At its outset in 1791, the United Irish Association demanded only parliamentary reform, a real and complete national representation and Catholic emancipation. Its leaders neither prayed nor hoped for more; and yet they thought that all the woes of Ireland sprung from the English domination, and that, delivered from that yoke, she would resume her natural course of prosperity. Religious oppression they esteemed to be the least of her wrongs; her commerce, her manufactures, all the natural sources of her wealth, were dried up by an uneasy, jealous tyranny; till moments would arrive through which they could half discern and desire the final separation of Ireland and England: this supreme result seeming the only deliverance from their woes. Still, it was not till 1798, when the insurrection would have embarked their own fortunes with their country's fate in this perilous adventure. Soon the association spread over the whole surface of the country, and the most distinguished men in Ireland gave it the benefit of their counsels. It gathered into its bosom birth, intellect and rank. The popular breath blew towards the side of rebellion. It is difficult to conceive how ardent may be the thirst for a yet unknown liberty, colored by the most glowing imaginations, among a people where passion is only equalled by inexperience; and dangerous, because, for the eternal ill-fortune of oppressed nations, the apprenticeship to liberty can only be served by the free. "I know not what heroic flame," says Lord Cloncurry, in his memoirs, "was then kindled through all classes of society; at the bar, in the pulpit, in the halls of the noble as in the cabin of the peasant, the same electric spark thrilled every heart in unison, and animated with manly courage even women and children." The attachment of the Irish to their aristocracy, that distinctive feature of their national character, only facilitated this union of all classes for a common end. Notwithstanding the respect due to fixed facts, it may be affirmed that if ever cause was just and worthy of success, it was that of the Irish rebellion; if ever passions were generous and sincere, those were so which animated the Fitzgeralds, the Emmets, the O'Connors. What were the wrongs of the American Colonies, or of England under James II., compared to those of Ireland? Unless we admit a double faced political morality, indulgent to the conquerors and severe to the conquered, we must admit that never were a people more oppressed and consequently never was rebellion more legitimate. Truly says Monsieur Duvergier de Hauranne, "if there be any cause of surprise, it is that a nation composed of millions of men should have borne such a yoke so long." It is not an unexampled thing in the history of the world that a weak people should shake off the yoke of a more powerful neighbor. Poor and without an army, the Swiss of the middle ages drove the Austrians from their mountains. Invaded by Spain, the Portuguese of the sixteenth century regained their independence. We have in our own days seen Greece free herself from the Turkish yoke, and Belgium separate herself from Holland. In 1798, England—humbled by her American war, engaged in hostilities with France, anxious and fearful in view of Ireland, as is every oppressor at heart before the oppressed—was not the England of to-day. We must guard against the too natural disposition to judge according to the event, and to decide that what did not take place could not possibly have taken place. Self-esteem is perhaps more at ease on the strongest side; and, without any great effort of sagacity, one is sure of not compromising one's judgment by arguing that success has been merited, and that failure ought to have failed. Still, the dazzling splendors of success have power to change the face of truth, even in the past, and better were the times when men boasted of their superiority to fortune—when the vanquished felt within themselves a spirit loftier than that of their conquerors.

The Irish were, it is true, unlike those high-souled children of the Puritans who were brought up in the shelter of a strong free faith, and who, for the first time, drove back the fortunes of England on the shores of the New World. There was ever among these wild children of green Erin a mixture of different dispositions, which would have made it difficult for them to find a satisfactory form of government. The hatred of tyranny and certain revolutionary and insurrectionary instincts were allied in them with the taste for monarchical pomp and splendor. Perhaps one might find in France the traces of similar contradictions. "Bad as subjects," said the English of them, "they are worse still as rebels." If the insurrection had triumphed, it was to be feared that all those Catholic masses, blind, ignorant and degraded by ages of persecution, might have turned against their leaders. The strife begun in the name of liberty would then have degenerated into the anarchy and slaughter of servile war, and the generous chiefs of the rebellion would have been its first victims. Still, one is mistaken as often for good as for evil, and humanity is not always as bad as it is painted. Who would not have predicted scenes of violence in the French colonies, consequent upon the immediate emancipation of the slaves, in 1848? Yet what were the facts? Justice and liberty have had a peaceful triumph, without disorder or effusion of blood.

Meanwhile, it must be confessed that the event has justified the moderate patriots of Ireland—those who, like Grattan, and Curran, and Ponsonby, and Barrington, thought their country, united to a great free government, might obtain her rights without a separation. They devoted themselves with talent and courage to a thankless task. They labored to penetrate the lying forms of a false constitution with some rays of truth. In spite of their fruitless efforts, they still reckoned on the might of liberty to make the oppressor, sooner or later, do justice to the oppressed. But they were not destined to behold, in their lifetimes, the dawning of a better day for Ireland. Happier than his predecessors, O'Connell, making use of appeals to remorse, fear and pity in turn, lent to this same policy a splendor and a grandeur which fixed the eyes of attentive Europe. Those whom time has justified have a right to call themselves the wisest—and yet, even from the common sense point of view, those Irish patriots should not be condemned who were encouraged, by the success of rebellion beyond the sea, to seek a similar issue. One too easily forgets that contemporaries did not possess the secret of the future. Nothing, in fact, was more uncertain; and that secret, which historians possess, often renders them unjustly disdainful of the hopes and passions of their predecessors. "In history, as in war, woe to the vanquished!" says, eloquently, Monsieur de Lamartine: "Fortunate crime is not flattered by its contemporaries alone: the future also follows it with adulation. There is in human nature itself a certain cowardly or perverse inclination, which impels it to justify the strongest and condemn without examination them that are overcome." In reality, it is one of the characteristics of successful tyranny to steep with falsehood the very souls of men.

Among those to whom the sufferings of oppression were most bitter, and who could not accept of repose without honor in an enslaved land, we must count in the first rank the elder brother of our hero. Thomas Addis Emmet was one of the principal actors of the rebellion of 1798. Joining, in 1796, the Association of the United Irishmen, he directed it by the wisdom of his counsels, all the more surely because he took no part in the insurrection. Of a lofty, reserved, silent, and, notwithstanding, of a passionate nature—of a liberal mind and a benevolent heart, yet ruled by inflexible principles, and ready for every sacrifice—Thomas Addis Emmet had many of the qualities indispensable to the leader of a party. "Lord Edward Fitzgerald," said the Irish, "was the proudest, the noblest and the best of men, but it was not he who could head a revolution. The man for us was Thomas Addis Emmet." He became, in 1798, with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Cloncurry and Arthur O'Connor, one of the members of the Executive Directory proclaimed in the City of Wexford during one of the brief triumphs of the insurrection. In concert with General Russell and Theobald Wolf Tone, he took the resolution of asking succor of the French Republican Directory, in the struggle which Ireland was sustaining against England. Theobald Wolfe Tone set out for France, instructed to treat personally of the affairs of Ireland with General Hoche. It is said that their last conversation before the departure of Tone, took place in a little field, of a triangular form, upon a height near Rathfarnum: it was the country residence of Thomas Addis Emmet. As he parted from his companions, Emmet bade them remark that this field was exactly like the one where William Tell and the Swiss conspirators swore the ruin of Austria and the deliverance of their native land.

But those days of hope were of short duration. The disaster of the fleet, and of the French expedition in 1798, put the finishing stroke to the defeat of the insurrection. England threw herself upon Ireland like a furious bull blinded by rage. Blood flowed in torrents, and how many lives were sacrificed to this justest cause! The frightful repression of 1798 was the English reign of terror, said the Irish, in the bitterness of their hearts. There may be some exaggeration in this comparison; all the atrocities committed by the Orangemen and by the court-martials,

ment, were yet less directly the work of Lord Camden and of Lord Castlereagh than were the crimes of the reign of terror the work of the Mountain, and of the Committee of Public Safety. "Yet I have seen," said a priest, who had the strange fortune to be successively in France in the year of 1793, and in Ireland in 1798, and thus to have the sad advantage of comparison between them, "I have seen human life as little respected in Ireland as in France, but I never saw in France wretched beings expiring under the torture." In fact, the torture was in Ireland a strange addition to the severity of the law against those under suspicion. It is useless to dwell on this comparison, which dishonors humanity, civilization and the two greatest European nations. Providence, in the fulfilment of its mysterious designs, can, when it pleases, draw good from evil, but its instruments are none the less to be rebuked. What though the old monarchy had outlived its time and the consequences of the revolution been happy for France? These facts afford no amnesty to the reign of terror. It seems to me that none of that absolution which success so easily obtains should be accorded to Lord Castlereagh's administration. Its cruel policy had not even the merit of a certain degree of ability. It was as stupid as it was ferocious. If time has brought Ireland to a condition peaceful at least, if not positively happy, it is to be attributed to circumstances that no one could at that period foresee. It is, moreover, to be remarked, as a feature of national character, that the English have never sought to apologize for their conduct in Ireland. They have spoken of it but little, and discreetly; it was their best course. Both by political instinct and honorable feeling, they have cast a veil over the sins of their country. Perhaps their example would be beneficial to France, where, as times and parties change, a taste for theorizing suggests defences of the reign of terror and apologies for Saint Bartholomews.

We know what was the tragic ending of the leaders of the Irish rebellion. The amiable and unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald died in prison, under an accusation involving capital punishment; Theobald Wolf Tone perished on the scaffold. Treated with more lenity than the rest, Arthur O'Connor, McNeven and Thomas Addis Emmet were kept four years in prison at fort St. George. The wife of Thomas Addis Emmet joined him there and lived those four years shut up in his cell, giving him proofs of a devotion equal to that of Madame Lafayette in the prison of Olmutz.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For The Standard.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE bells are pealing across the snow;
  Alone on high sits the moon forlorn;
And be it for good, or be it for ill,
  A year is dead and a year is born.

Who shall tell what the stranger brings?
  Shall he crown the world with flowers or thorns?
Shall he love the sound of dirge or knell,
  Or the merry music of marriage morns?

Yet welcome! The heart, indeed, is dead
  That yearned for the feet of the coming years;
The eager heart that fondly knelt,
  And questioned the secret stars with tears;

And another heart to me is given,
  That scoffs at bliss and mocks at pain;
The years are ghosts, and come and go,
  But I, O Love, unmoved remain.

Welcome! but not for thyself, unproved;
  For the hopes that brighten behind the veil,
That shall grow like flowers upon thy grave,
  In the name of Him who hath sent thee, Hail!

J. A. DORGAN.

ONE OF THE "F. F. V'S."

[Mr. N. P. Willis, in a letter in *The Home Journal*, gives an entertaining account of a visit he made, while on a recent tour in Virginia, to one of those First Families which make that State illustrious and are her never-ceasing boast. Mr. Willis, of course, does not see, at least does not say that he sees, any natural sequence here to the existence of slavery; but others, whose eyes are anointed, recognize in such a story one of the inevitable results of the Southern institution, and which, common enough there, we might seek the world over in vain to find anywhere else.—*Ed. Standard.*]

IN conversation with a gentleman whom we met, as to the decay of families with great names, he mentioned a neighbor of his by way of illustration; and, on my expressing a curiosity to see so marked an instance of oblivious life, he kindly offered, while my companions were called elsewhere, to be my guide as well as to furnish the excuse for a visit. Of course, in describing an incident of this kind, I can give neither place nor name, so I will merely designate the object of our curiosity as Mr. X., and my obliging guide as Mr. A.

Furnishing ourselves with sticks as a defence against the savage dogs that were known to guard the premises, we left the public road and took our way across several rudely fenced lots, the only access to his dwelling being by thus climbing the rails and striking a bee-line for the distant chimney. Of the old family estate we were thus crossing, and which consisted of a hundred acres or more, no reasonable sum would probably buy any portion. The present tenant and holder of the name (one of the most aristocratic) manages, after his fashion, to live upon it; and all he wants, of the remainder of creation, is to sell just so much of the yearly produce of the estate as will furnish him with what he requires of the un-get-for-nothing-ables of life—coffee, sugar, whiskey, etc., etc.

Coming first to a tottering old moss-covered barn, we rounded one of its leaning corners, and, in the cow-yard beyond, stood a ragged little dried-up man, of perhaps fifty years of age, with his hands in his pockets, looking on while a couple of negroes counted out some potatoes. He hardly gave us a glance over his shoulder as he sluggishly returned our salutation; but, on Mr. A's. inquiring whether Mrs. X. had any dried apples to spare (which my friend knew was her bank of pin-money, and which he had made our ostensible errand, so as to get a sight of the interior), we were briefly told that we should find her at the house; the slow eyes, perfectly satisfied with this half-look at his neighbor, returning then to the potato-heap.

There had once been a mansion on the place, if I understood rightly, but it had long ago tumbled down and served for "kindling." There were no signs of it remaining—or none, at any rate, that our fight with a large black dog, as we neared the smoking chimney, allowed us time to observe. The hut that we were now approaching was one of three or four, standing together, and built of logs, plastered in the crevices with mud. It was originally, probably, one of the slave-cabins of the estate. The door was open, and, as it served also for the only window, the picture within was at first rather imperfect. I could see, however, that a woman sat upon her heels in the middle of the floor, and, as my friend reached the threshold, she said "walk in"—not rising, however, and going quietly on with her task of sorting a heap of vegetables which lay before her.

By the time I had looked around for a seat (for, from the lowness of the roof, I could not stand upright), the old man had followed us in; and, as he stirred up the smouldering logs, in a fire place which occupied one whole side of the hut, I began to see more clearly. An old-fashioned brass-mounted cabinet-bureau, with a sloping top, two or three remainders of chairs, and a coffee-mill nailed on to the inside of the fire-place, were all the furniture visible; the double bed in the corner being only a bundle of rags, and a rough board bench, near the door, holding a most unclean variety of cooking utensils. Up against the wall, near the head of the bed, was a pile of cabbages, and there were two or three separate heaps of potatoes and turnips lying around, from which it seemed to be the old woman's task of the afternoon to make an assortment. One lifted board of the floor showed a hole, two or three feet deep, and into this she emptied her basket, from time to time, without rising from her squatting posture. Hers seemed to be all the energy of the establishment; for, as she repeated her commands to the old man to go out and bring in an armful of pine-tassels to overlay the vegetables in the hole, his remonstrative "look *year*, child!" (the word *here*, south of a certain latitude, being commonly pronounced like *year*), and his lingering unwillingness to leave the fire, were very expressive. "You never was *year* before," he said to me, as he gave me a most uninquisitive look, in passing out upon his errand.

With the opening of the subject of dried apples, Mrs. X. rose for the first time to her feet, and I saw that she was quite a tall, straight woman, of perhaps forty years of age. She walked to the bed and pulled up the cover-lid, drew out a long dirty meal-bag, untied the mouth of it, and, producing a handful of the commodity, offered us a taste. Had the first apple been presented by so unclean a hand, our first parent, I venture to say, would never have fallen! Yet, as she held out the dirty fingers to me, she stood facing the door, where I could see her very distinctly, and I was surprised to see how fine were her features and how large and really beautiful were her eyes. The look of a "born lady" was unmistakable. But the dirt on that well-moulded face was in cracks and seams, and it was evident that water was habitually a stranger to it! She had a quilted hood of greasy-looking brown calico tied under her chin, and a high-necked dress made of a sort of tow-cloth, which looked as if it might have been for years the cold-victual bag of a beggar. And with all this disfiguring drapery and dirt, I could not but be impressed with the entire absence of plebeianism in her air. Taken and un-Herculaneumed from her dirt, put through a Turkish shampooing or two, dressed like a features that had once been regular and delicate, though they were ludicrously caricatured by the narrow-rimmed hat which he wore—a dress beaver which had been gradually razeed till it was about the depth of a soup-plate, while the top, sewed in with coarse thread, let his hair through at the cracks. His other clothes seemed to have been condemned to be worn till they should rot off, and were very near the end of their purgatory.

We left the hovel at the close of a bargain, between my friend and the old woman, for "a bushel and a half—all she thought she could spare," though she hailed us, before we had got out of hearing, to say that she "didn't know but she could make up her mind to two bushels if he would send for them the next morning." And so live two well-born human beings, who by no means think themselves poor, but who have gradually forgotten the world and its artificial wants and usages, till they positively prefer to thus burrow in the dirt—perfectly contented, too, with their worse than brute animal condition! As I said before, it is a picture of what "good blood" can stagnate down to, which is worth recording for the philosopher on human life.

THE PALM TREE.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE PERSIAN.

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm,
On the Indian sea by the isles of balm?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails!

What does the good ship bear so well?
The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line!

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm?
The Master, whose cunning and skill could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm-thatch shields from the sun aloft!

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scull in his hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands!

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine—
House and raiment and food and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm,
On the Indian Sea by the isles of balm,
"Thanks to Allah who gives the palm!"

—*National Era.* J. G. W.

IRISH AND SCOTTISH BALLAD POETRY.

THERE is a peculiar vein of sadness winding through all the ballads that have reality in them—the traces that they carry of the amount of physical destitution borne by the people, and the dire famines that have swept them from time to time. The picture is not vulgarized by the sordid details of simple physical misery, for the Irish have a way with them in these things, and can endow even starvation and nudity with the *moighty genteelness* which is their peculiar gift. We turn, for instance, to the "Lament of the Irish Emigrant," by Lady Dufferin. He lacks food and raiment at home, and is going to seek them abroad. We all can summon up in idea what sort of object of poetic interest is an Irishman of the poorer kind in a famine year—a man who has sold the pig—who has exhausted the last argument with the agent—who has been at the door of every relief committee—who has, perhaps, begged on the highway—of unwholesome and forbidding aspect—filthy, ragged, and spotted with vermin. But all these vulgar and offensive attributes are washed away by the fountains of refined sorrow which flow full and strong from the poor man's heart, when he calls up, in the midst of his hardships, the departed form of her who was the partner of his joys and of his sorrows, and now lies in her grave near the stile on which he sits, and thinks about the past and the future. It was there that they sat long ago when they were betrothed. The place is little changed; the lark sings—the corn is green—but the voice that then spoke in affection and hope is silenced for ever.

"I'm very lonely now, Mary,
  For the poor make no new friends!
But oh! they love the better still
  The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
  My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothin' left to care for now,
  Since my poor Mary died.

"Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
  That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
  And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
  And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
  Though you cannot hear me now.

"I thank you for the patient smile,
  When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
  And you hid it for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
  When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
  Where grief can't reach you more!"

This is very tender and sweet in sentiment, and melodious in expression; but it is not ballad poetry, in the fundamental sense of the term. It is not what the people say for themselves, but what refined genius says for them. The function of making the ballads of a people in this fashion is not that to which Fletcher referred, when he said, "If a man were permitted to make the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." It may happen that the composition of one high in genius or in rank is adopted by the populace, and passes to their bosoms; as, for instance, Lady Anne Barnard's pathetic ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." But this is a matter of chance; and we suspect that the editors of newspapers, and the readers of curious literature, know a great deal more about these ballads of the Irish than the Irish themselves know. With our Scottish ballads it is far otherwise. Such pathos and sentiment as they contain are not triumphs of literary art—they are the throbbing of the national heart itself. And this heart is tender and true, though doubtless it has its capricious, and sometimes its worse than capricious, emotions.—*Blackwood.*

STOCK—FOREIGN AND NATIVE.

To the Editor of The Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph.

SIR: I have some thoughts on a subject which interests your readers, and which, it seems to me, would not be out of place in your columns. As a farmer, I have been much interested in the Improvement of Stock, and have bestowed a good deal of time and pains and some money on that subject. As the result, I have come to conclusions which differ somewhat from those which are popularly cherished. If they should be erroneous, you have intelligent readers enough to point out their error and counteract their tendency.

For many years I have made it my business, as it has been my pleasure, to do what I could to promote the improvement of farm stock. My chief attention has been given to cows, hogs and fowl, though I have not been unmindful of other varieties. Of cows I have raised the Durham, Ayrshire and the Devonshire; of hogs, the Berkshire and the Suffolk; and of fowls, a great variety. I have confined my attention chiefly to those of foreign growth or origin. That I have succeeded as well as others, may be inferred from the fact that at the various shows I have taken a fair share of premiums. Nevertheless, my success, though encouraging, has not been altogether satisfactory. That is, it has not proved to me that any of these foreign breeds, whether of cows, hogs or fowls, are the best that we can have in this country, or are just the thing we want. On the contrary, it has demonstrated to me quite the opposite, viz.: That before we can attain the desired success in this field of experiment, we must give more attention than we are now giving *to animals which are the growth of our own soil.* Not that I would undervalue the advantage of importing the best varieties of foreign breeds; for too much praise cannot be rendered those public-spirited men who spend their money liberally in bringing to our shores the best specimens they can obtain of European animals; but at the same time too little credit may be given to others who are doing what they can to improve our native breeds.

I don't know how it may be with others, but according to my experience and observation, there is an *unvarying tendency in foreign imported stock to deterioration.* Whether it is owing to the climate, or soil, or what, I don't pretend to say, but this tendency to degenerate in all foreign animals, whatever care may have been taken with them, has been, according to my knowledge, without an exception. Now, assuming this to be true, which, understand me, I do not aver, the question arises, Would it not be better for us, in trying to improve our stock, to make our selections for the purpose without regard to the animal's origin? In milch cows, for instance, ought we not to choose the finest-looking animal and best milker we can find, whether native, imported or mixed; and ought we not to see that the off-spring are the product of a sire chosen on the same principle? Is it not likely, and does not experience, so far as it has been made, show that the tendency of this sort of breeding is to a continual improvement in the stock? I would ask the same questions in regard to hogs, fowls, horses, sheep and all other kinds of animals. In other words, ought we not to make

This, I believe, was the way in which Eng
proved her varieties; and why should we not
same? The finest flavored pear in the world is
duct of a native seedling of our own city. I m
Seckel; and the most luscious raspberry know
Brinckle, also a Philadelphia seedling; and w
there an apple to compare with our Newtown
And yet these are all native varieties.

Why can't we, therefore, on the same princi
native cattle of corresponding excellence? W
our farm-yards be made to do as well as our gar
orchards? If England comes to us for ou
and peaches and our sowing and mowing machi
can't she be made to come to us for our native an
a favorite breed, for instance, of the milch cow
other animal, in the rearing of which she now is
our superior? It strikes me that if we wo
such advancement as we aspire to, we ought to
virtue there is in our native breeds.

Respectfully,
Byberry, Nov. 23, 1858. ROBERT F

EXAMPLE OF CANDOR IN MAD'LLE C

MADEMOISELLE LECOUVREUR* no longer e
therefore, will not call her merits in question.
selle de Seine, who has retired from the stage
years, had pursued exactly the course I adop
the applauses she bestowed upon me, in the che
Electre, in which she had been preëminent, near
my brain, so much did I feel myself gratified by

I moved heaven and earth to gain her acq
and induce her to recite part of the verses to
common friend to each of us procured me the sa
I desired.

When she entered my room, I observed
evidently in the decline of life, and far from
that dignified and commanding appearance
expected. Her dress was slovenly and careless
The sound of her voice, and the manner in
spoke, would have made me believe, if I had no
that an inexperienced girl was addressing me.
umph was complete: her refusal to recite bef
construed into an avowal of her own inability
superiority. At length, she consented to repe
the third act of Electre, and I had arranged i
a well turned compliment, which, however no
supposed it would be on her, I conceived I co
good manners, dispense with. But the air of d
assumed when she rose, and ranged the chairs,
form a sort of theatre and scenes, the change
in her appearance, the moment she prepared
produced a total derangement of all my ideas.
was silent; I felt tears already in my eyes; bu
did speak, the accents of her despair, the deep
of grief on her countenance, the noble and, at
time, natural appearance of her whole deportm
trated my soul, enlightened it, and made me se
very far I was inferior to her. To punish my in
presumption, and to correct it in future, I hav
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